HOW TO INSULT ABUSE & INSINUATE IN CLASSICAL LATIN

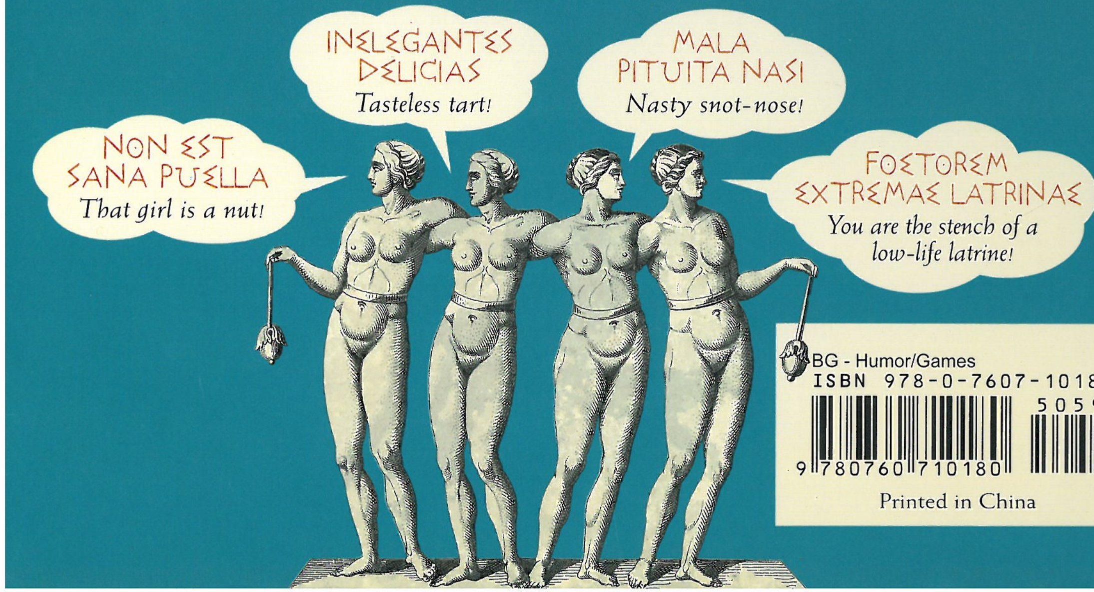
MICHELLE LOVRIC & NIKIFOROS DOXIADIS MARDAS

IN THIS WITTY LITTLE BOOK, A SUPERB SOURCE OF LOST RUDENESS IS AT LAST LET LOOSE...

Why confine yourself to boring monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon taunts and insults when you can defame, demean, degrade, demolish and damn in the deft language of Cicero, Martial, Ovid, Catullus, Horace and others? Now you can impress your friends and devastate your enemies with the filth and wit of your newly-excavated repertoire of classical invective.

Usefully arranged in sections for the sexless, gormless, worthless, and unscrupulous (etc etc) the book contains illustrations from classical sources and is immaculately researched by a young Cambridge classics scholar and an expert in the ancient languages of desire and desperation...

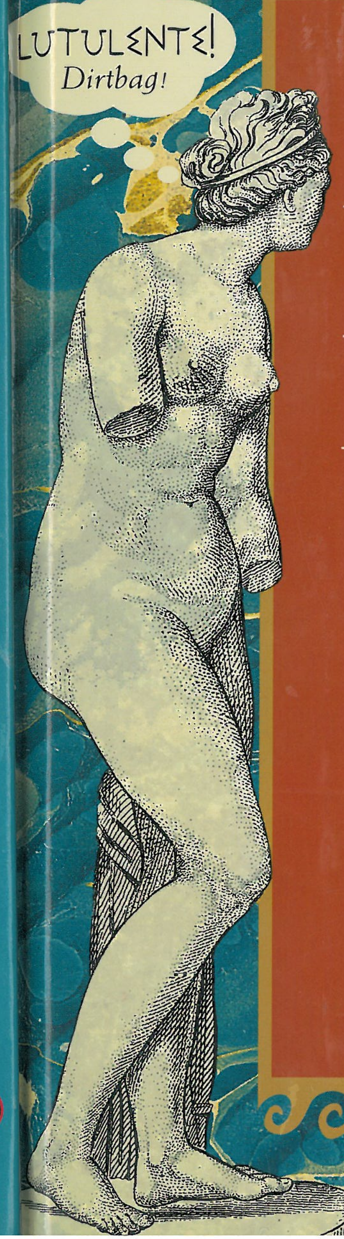
AND DID WE FORGET TO MENTION THAT THIS BOOK IS ALSO VERY, VERY FUNNY?

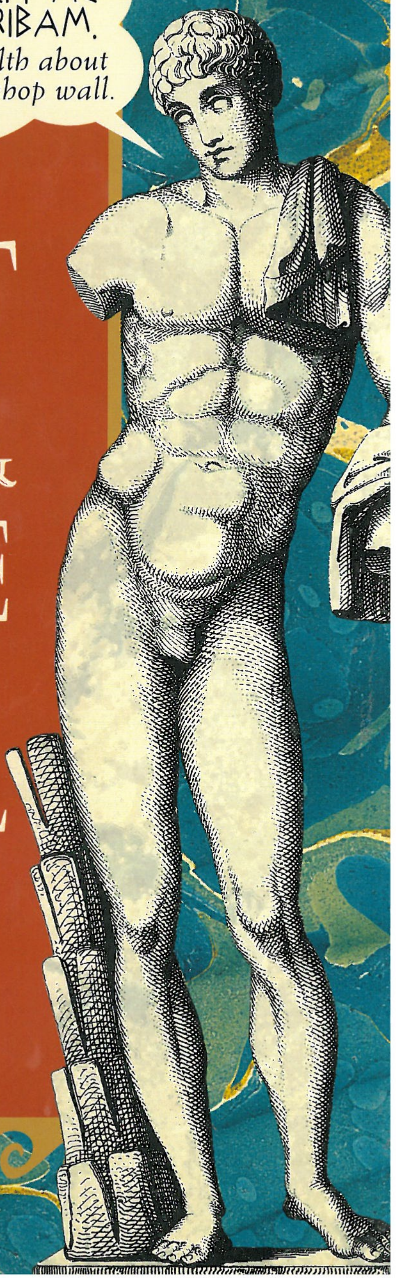


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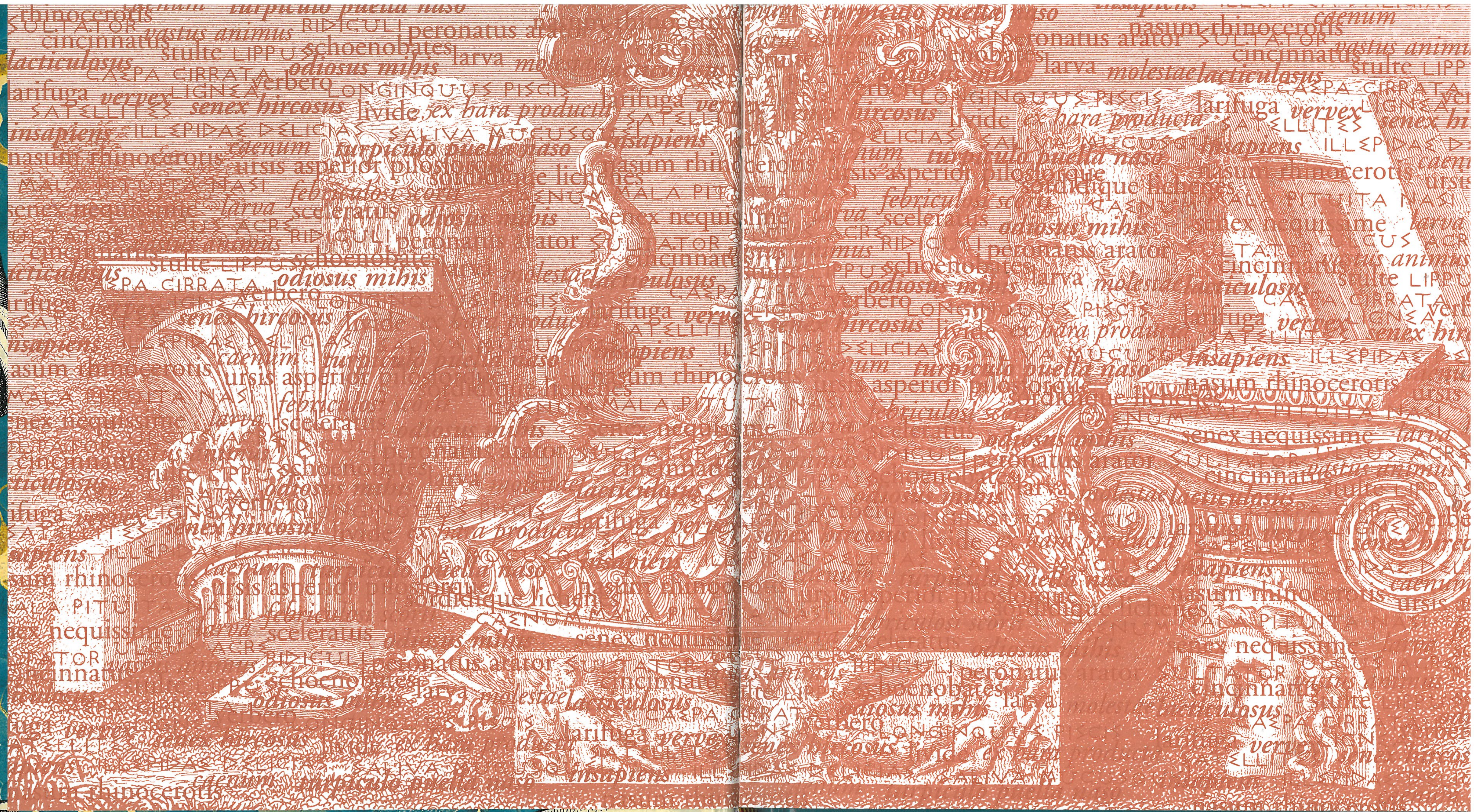
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HOW TO INSULT ABUSE & INSINUATE IN CLASSICAL LATIN

MICHELLE LOVRIC
& NIKIFOROS DOXIADIS MARDAS



caenum turpiculo puella naso
nasum rhinocerotis
SULTATOR vastus animus
cincinnatus RIDICULI peronatus arator
molestae lacticulosus stulte LIPPUS schoenobates larva
odiosus mihis
CAEPA CIRRATA verbero
larifuga vervex LIGNEA LONGINQUUS PISCIS
SATELLITES senex hircosus livide sex bara producta
insapiens ILLEPIDAE DELICIAS SALIVA MUCUSQUE
ursis asperior pilosforque sordidique lichenes
MALA PITUITA NASI
febriculosi scorti
senex nequissime larva sceleratus

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About the editors...

Michelle Lovric has created over forty illustrated anthologies, including several about love. Her book, Love Letters: An Anthology of Passion, was a New York Times best-seller. She has also published three novels. She has collaborated with Nikiforos Doxiadis Mardas to create a series of new translations of Greek and Latin poetry: The Sweetness of Honey and the Sting of Bees – Words of Love from the Ancient *Mediterranean.*

Nikiforos Doxiadis Mardas lives in London and Athens. He graduated from the University of Cambridge with a first-class degree in Classics, and he has been immersed in the physical and academic worlds of the Ancient Mediterranean throughout his life.

The editors would like to thank Ann Alwis, Nicola Carr, Rick Litchfield, and Sophie Monro-Davies for their help in researching and compiling this work.

This book is dedicated to Andreas Laskaris and Trevor Sather – verbal assassins still practicing ancient arts.

QUI GRAVIS ES NIMIUM,
POTES HINC IAM, LECTOR, ABIRE QUO LIBET

If you are likely to be the really pernickety type of reader, do you mind leaving now? Just head in the direction of absolutely anywhere else.

Martial, Epigrams XI.16

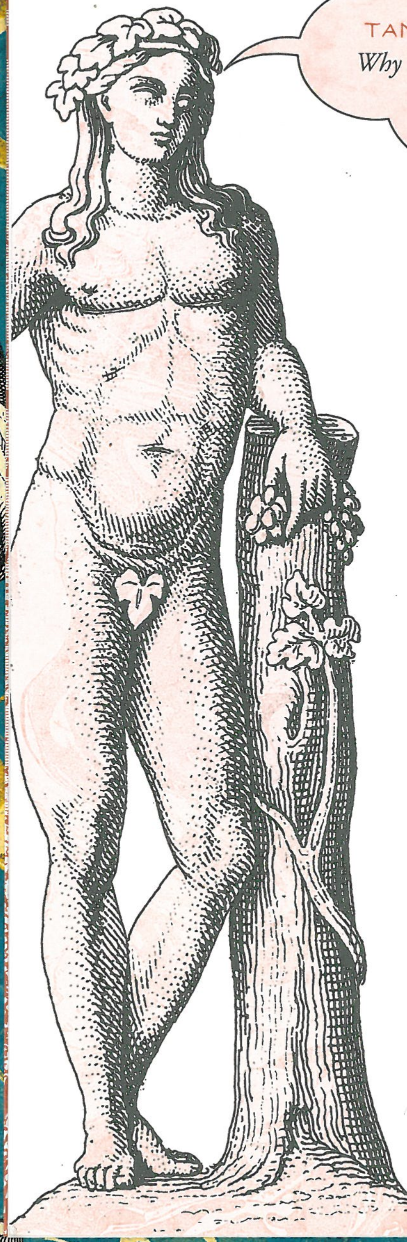


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SALEM AC LEPOREM

Naughty but nice

Catullus, poem 26



HOW TO INSULT ABUSE & INSINUATE IN CLASSICAL LATIN

Michelle Lovric &
Nikiforos Doxiadis Mardas

METRO BOOKS
NEW YORK



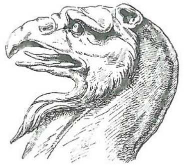
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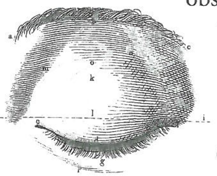
Introduction



PECCAVIMUS

We confess

We have quoted every Latin author here entirely out of context. We have on occasion taken translators' liberties with the nominative case, adding vocative exclamations where they have no business to be. We have gouged out gerundives and annihilated innocent ablative absolutes. We have inserted intermittent innuendos, and provided passing past participles. We have also ousted the odd obscenity, or at least confined it to the ellipsis of history. However, we have tried, with great earnestness and sincerity, to convey the spirit of what the ancient writers were expressing, wrapped in the real imagery that they used. We have also tried to recreate some of the diabolical delight these ancient writers took in the rich resource of their language. Latin luxuriates in alliteration, puns and double entendres — and so, here, have we.





IMPROBISSIMUM VERO LIBELLUM SCRIPSIMUS

We have written a very wicked book indeed



But with the best possible motives. There are times when a terse Anglo-Saxon monosyllable simply cannot express the full horror of the miseries of human life, as inflicted upon us by other miserable specimens of humanity. We want you to be able to relieve your tensions with an explosive expletive, and to devastate those who do you wrong with an ancient, but still potent missile newly excavated from classical literature. Express your outrage in the words of the Great. ***Make enemies and impress people.***



Michelle Lovric & Nikiforos Doxiadis Mardas,
Covent Garden, January 1998.
HORTI TEMPLORUM, IANUARIO, MXMXCVIII

DE INSIGNIBUS SCRIPTORIBUS...

Apuleius (fl. c. AD155)
Latin writer, born in Madaurus in Africa. His wonderful *Metamorphoses* is the story of one Lucius who, after keeping the wrong company, manages to get himself transformed into an ass. Also known as 'The Golden Ass' it is the only novel in Latin that has survived in its entirety.

Aulus Gellius (c. 130—c. 180)
Roman writer, educated in Athens. His *Attic Nights* is comprised of short sections on a wide variety of topics, including one on the use of insults. The work was compiled during the winter nights in Attica for the entertainment and education of his children.

Catullus (Gaius Valerius Catullus) (c. 84—54BC)
Roman poet. His magnificent insults are aimed mainly at personal enemies who fail to meet the poet's exacting standards of urbanity and elegance. In the following century, Martial, another virtuoso of invective, hailed him as his master.

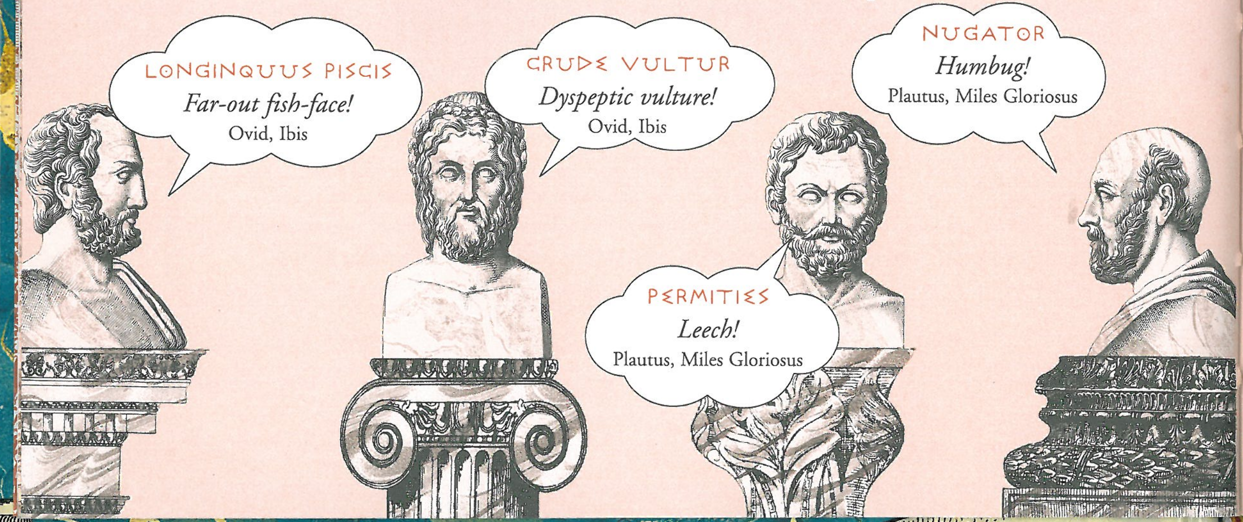
Cicero (Marcus Tullius) (106—43BC)
Roman orator, statesman and philosopher. His extremely active political life made him many enemies, and his surviving speeches preserve for us something of the wit, vigour and tireless energy of the insults with which he assailed them. His damning orations against Verres and Catiline are a rich source of invective.

Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus) (65—8BC)
Roman poet. Admired for his mastery of form and elegance of language, his famous celebrations of the good things in life sometimes give way to the harshest of invective. Unsavoury old women were a favourite target.

Juvenal (Decimus Iunius Iuvenalis) (fl. early 2nd century)
Roman satirist. In the first of his sixteen satires, he declares that he has no choice but to write satire when faced with the daily corruption of Rome. His tone is bitterly ironic and his invective venomous.

Martial (Marcus Valerius Martialis) (c. 40—103)
Roman poet. Born in Bilbilis in Spain, he spent most of his life in Rome, where between the years 86 and 98 he produced his first 11 books of epigrams. In them, insult is elevated to art form, and his victims face an elegant whirlwind of abuse of a violence not unleashed since the time of Catullus, 150 years before.

Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso) (43BC—c. AD18)
Roman poet. Subtly ironic and faultlessly elegant as a commentator on love, in his *Ibis*, Ovid displays a violence of language and feeling to match the most unbridled invective of any age.



ABOUT THE EMINENT AUTHORS...

Persius (Aulus Persius Flaccus) (34—62)
Roman satirist. Born in a wealthy Etrurian family, he studied in Rome under the Stoic philosopher Cornutus. He died young, leaving six satires expounding his stoic morality; he is said to have been an unassuming and kind man and accordingly his invective lacks the raw malice of some more bad-tempered contemporaries.

Petronius (Titus Petronius Arbiter) (d. AD65)
Roman writer. His novel the *Satyricon* is a send-up of decadent life in the Roman empire of the 1st century. The most famous section of the book concerns a wildly extravagant and depraved dinner party given by the vulgar millionaire Trimalchio.

Plautus (Titus Maccius Plautus) (c. 250—184BC)
Roman comic playwright. Twenty of his plays, lively and straightforward adaptations from Greek New Comedy of the 4th and 3rd centuries, are among the rare survivors from this early period of Latin literature. Stock characters and situations — the clever slave, the braggart soldier and the topsy-turvy love affair — provide a healthy range of insults.

Priapea
A body of poems in honour of Priapus, the enormously-endowed god of fertility, guardian deity, and professional scarecrow. There are eighty of the poems in all, collected in the first century, and of these we know that the third in the collection is by Ovid. Otherwise authorship is uncertain, their common bond being magnificent — and unfortunately mostly unprintable — obscenity.

Sallust (Gaius Sallustius Crispus) (86—35BC)
Roman historian. He gave up politics — having served as governor of the province of Numidia in 46 — for history writing, and his choice of colourful protagonists for his historical monographs, as well as his deep-seated hostility towards the nobility, earns him a place among the mud-slingers of his age.

Suetonius (Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus) (b. c. 70)
Roman biographer. His position as secretary at the imperial palace, a position he lost in 122 for an alleged indiscretion involving the Emperor Hadrian's wife, afforded him access to the imperial archives on which he drew for his *Lives of the Caesars*. These are rich in anecdote, colour and gossip, if not always in historical impartiality.

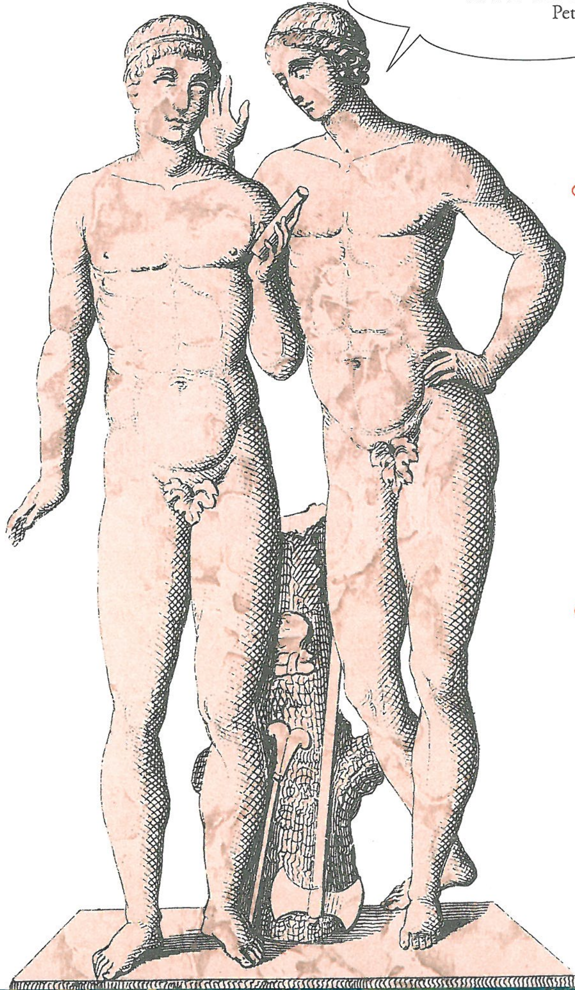
Virgil (Publius Vergilius Maro) (70—19BC)
Roman poet. He is chiefly celebrated for the epic poem the *Aeneid*, the Latin answer to Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Virgil's style is usually graceful and somewhat stately. Most of the insults that can be attributed to Virgil come from the mouths of his various heroines, reproaching the hero Aeneas, for perfidious desertion.



WITLESS

RES PERTRICOSA EST, COTILE, BELLUS HOMO.
A pretty fellow is a waste of space, Cotilus.
Martial, Epigrams III.63

MUFRIUS, NON MAGISTER.
You're not a guru, you're a gorilla.
Petronius , Satyricon



QUICUMQUE UBI SUNT, QUI FUERUNT QUIQUE FUTURI SUNT POSTHAC STULTI, STOLIDI, FATUI, FUNGI, BARDI, BLENNI, BUCCONES...
Of all the past, present and future fatheads, idiots, imbeciles, mushrooms, morons, hare-brains and chipmunk-cheeks...!
Plautus, Mnesilochus

AH, LASSITUDINEM HERCLE VERBA TUA MIHI ADDUNT, ENICAS.
Everything you say is so unbearably boring, by Hercules, that it's murder by monotony.
Plautus, Mercator

CERTO SCIO, OCCISAM SAEPE SAPERE PLUS MULTO SUEM.
I'm quite sure that a stuck pig is regularly more discerning than you.
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

VASTUS ANIMUS.
His mind is one vast wasteland.
Sallust, Bellum Catilinae

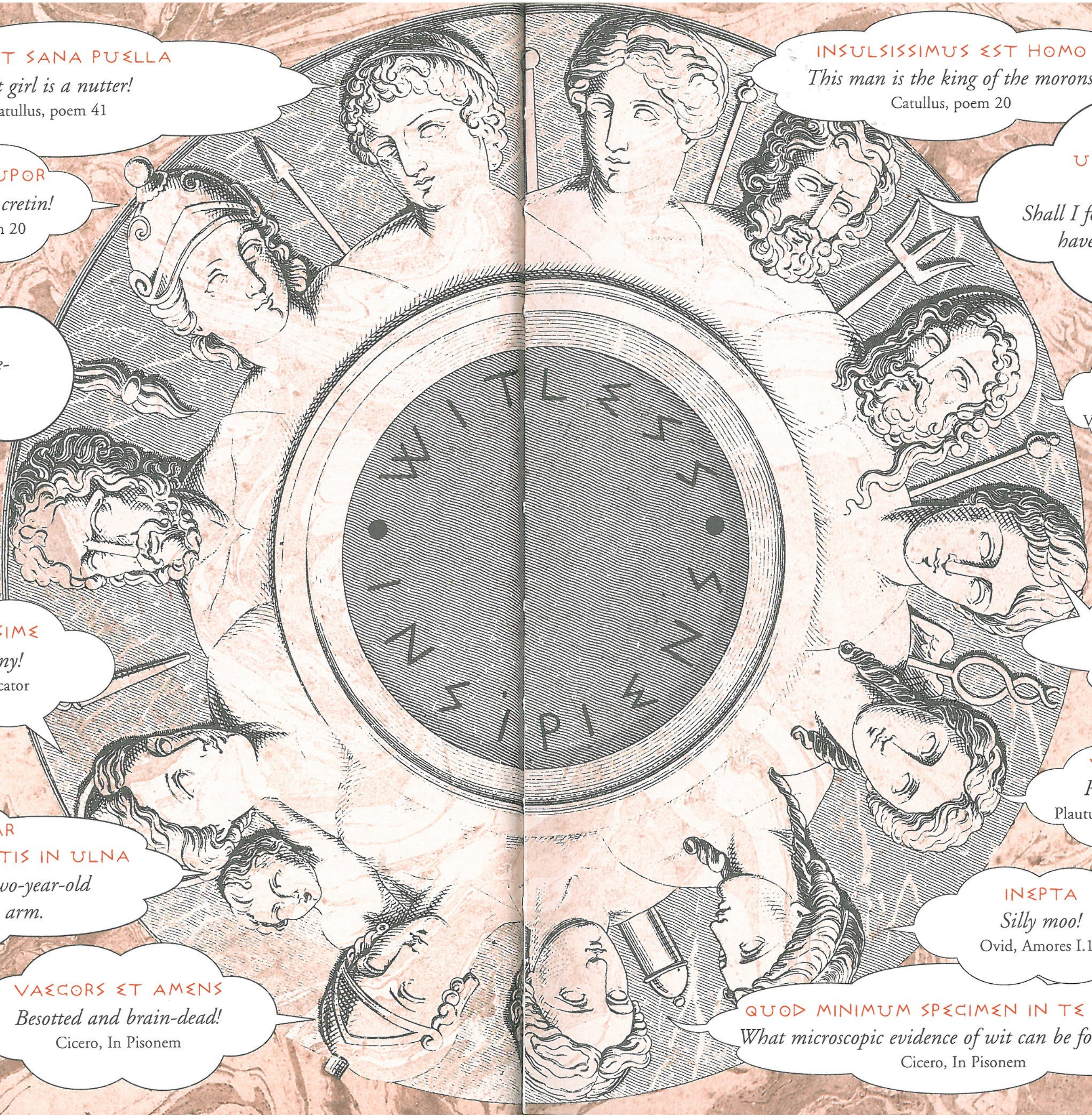
INSIPIENS

TAM AUTEM ERAS EXCORS, UT TOTA IN ORATIONE TUA TECUM IPSE PUGNARES, NON MODO NON COHAERENTIA INTER SE DICERES, SED MAXIME DISIUNCTA ATQUE CONTRARIA, UT NON TANTA MECUM QUANTA TIBI TECUM ESSET CONTENTIO.
You were such a moron that throughout your speech you were at war with yourself, firing out statements which were not just inconsistent, but which were utterly devoid of any coherence or logic, to the point where your adversary in battle stopped being me and became yourself.
Cicero, Philippicae II

URBANUS TIBI,
CAECILI, VIDERIS.
NON ES, CREDE MIHI.
QUID ERGO? VERNA ES.
You fancy yourself a colosseum of wit, Caecilius.
I don't think so. What do I think?
You're a pigsty.
Martial, Epigrams I.41



SENEX NEQUISSIME
Silly old sod!
Plautus, Mercator



NON EST SANA PUELLA

That girl is a nutter!

Catullus, poem 41

MERUS STUPOR

Quintessential cretin!

Catullus, poem 20

NON TU TIBI ISTAM PRAETRUNCARI LINGUAM LARGILOQUAM IUBES?

Do me a favour and get that twaddle-talking tongue of yours surgically removed from your mouth.

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

STULTISSIME

Utter ninny!

Plautus, Mercator

NEC SAPIT PUERI INSTAR BIMULI TREMULA PATRIS DORMIENTIS IN ULNA

He hasn't got the brains of a sleeping two-year-old rocked in the crook of his father's arm.

Catullus, poem 20

VAECORS ET AMENS

Besotted and brain-dead!

Cicero, In Pisonem

INSULSISSIMUS EST HOMO

This man is the king of the morons.

Catullus, poem 20

VIN IAM FACIAM, UT STULTIVIDUM ESSE TU TE FATEARE?

Shall I force you to admit yourself that you have all the foresight of a fathead?

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

IGNARE

Fool!

Virgil, Aeneid III

INSCITA ECASTOR TU QUIDEM ES.

By Castor, you're empty-headed!

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

VERBERO

Rapscallion!

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

INEPTA

Silly moo!

Ovid, Amores I.14

QUOD MINIMUM SPECIMEN IN TE INGENII?

What microscopic evidence of wit can be found in you?

Cicero, In Pisonem

PRENTENTIOUS? MOI?
SPECIOSUM? ME?

DULCIA CUM
TANTUM SCRIBAS
EPIGRAMMATA SEMPER ET CERUSSATA
CANDIDIORA CUTE,
NULLAQUE MICA SALIS NEC AMARI FELLIS IN ILLIS
GUTTA SIT, O DEMENS, VIS TAMEN ILLA LEGI

Whenever you write epigrams they come out sickly sweet,
purer white than the icing on a wedding cake.
Not a pinch of salt, not a bit of bitter bite,
but you, in your insanity, want people to read them.
Martial, Epigrams VII.25

MIRARIS VETERES,
VACERRA, SOLOS
NEC LAUDAS NISI MORTUOS POETAS.
IGNOSCAS PETIMUS, VACERRA: TANTI
NON EST, UT PLACEAM TIBI, PERIRE

You go on and on about only the ancients, Vacerra,
and you don't approve of a poet unless he's dead.
Well, you'll have to excuse me, Vacerra,
but death is too high a price to pay
for your praise.
Martial, Epigrams VIII.69

CUR NON MITTO MEOS TIBI,
PONTILIANE, LIBELLOS?
NE MIHI TU MITTAS, PONTILIANE, TUOS

You ask why I haven't sent you any of my poetry, Pontilianus?
I'm afraid you might send me some of yours in return.
Martial, Epigrams VII.3

VERSUS SCRIBERE POSSE TE DISERTOS
AFFIRMAS, LABERI: QUID ERGO NON VIS?

You insist that you can craft elegant poetry, Laberus.
Why won't you then?
Martial, Epigrams VI.14

STULTE
Dumbo!
Ovid
Amores II.9

NON OPTIMUS
URBICUS POETA
Second-rate street poet!
Martial
Epigrams I.41

INEPTE
Nitwit!
Catullus
poem 25

INSAPIENS
Ignoramus!
Catullus
poem 43

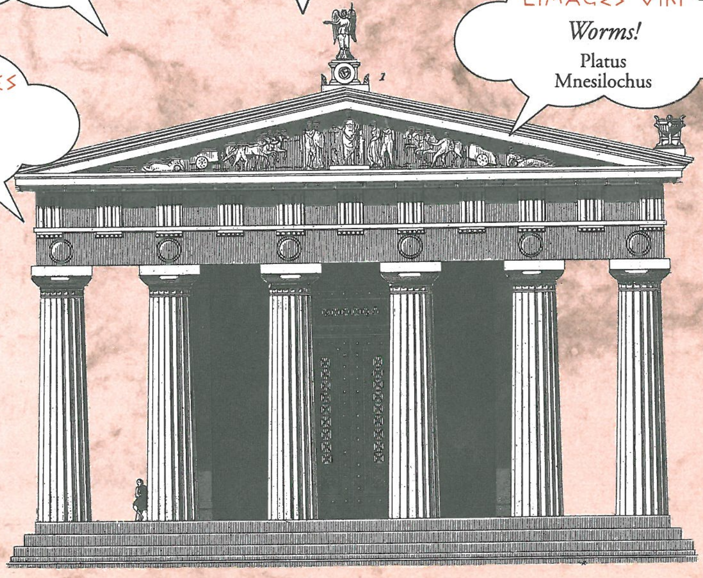
RIDICULI
Buffoons!
Cicero
In Verrem II

CERCOPITHECE FAENERATOR
Monkey-faced money-lender!
Suetonius
Nero

LIMACES VIRI
Worms!
Platus
Mnesilochus

O IMITATORES
Copy-cats!
Horace
Epistles I

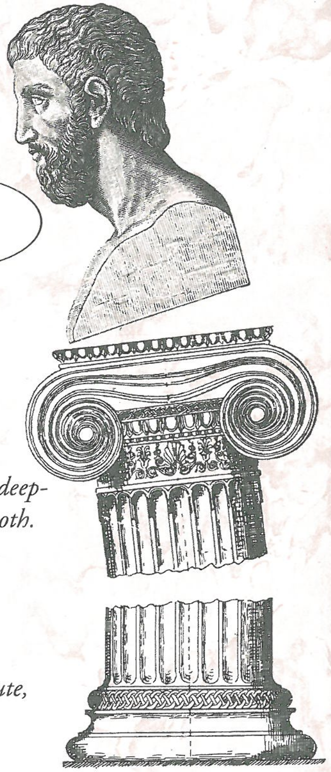
CALVE
Egg-head!
Persius
Satire I



HODIE IN CURIA
TODAY IN PARLIAMENT

QUIN TU ISTANC
ORATIONEM HINC VETEREM ATQUE
ANTIQUAM AMOVES?
Oh, do stop using that obsolete ancient language!
Plautus
Miles Gloriosus

CLUELESS



IN ALIO PEDUCLUM VIDES, IN TE RICINUM NON VIDES.

You can see the lice on others, but not the bugs on yourself.

Petronius, Satyricon

NUNC SUNT CRURA PILIS ET SUNT TIBI PECTORA SAETIS HORRIDA, SED MENS EST, PANNYCHE, VULSA TIBI.

As it is, your legs are bristling with hair, and your chest is a deep-shag rug, but your mind, Pannychus, has been plucked smooth.

Martial, Epigrams II.36

AD MANDATA CLAUDUS CAECUS MUTUS MANCUS DEBILIS.

When it comes to following orders you're a lame, blind, mute, maimed wreck of a man.

Plautus, Mercator

HOMO ET HUMANITATIS EXPERS ET VITAE COMMUNIS IGNARUS.

A man completely destitute of all human kindness; and utterly ignorant of all social observance.

Cicero, Philippicae II



SI DECEM HABEAS LINGUAS, MUTUM ESSE ADDECET.

Even if you had ten tongues, you ought to hold them all.

Plautus, Mnesilochus

STULTISSIMUS

ERUS MEUS ELEPHANTI CORIO CIRCUMTENTUST, NON SUO, NEQUE HABET PLUS SAPIENTIAI QUAM LAPIS.

My master has an elephant's hide instead of skin, and for brains he has a lump of rock.

Plautus
Miles Gloriosus

AB HOC EIECTO CADAVERE QUICQUAM MIHI AUT OPIS AUT ORNAMENTI EXPETEBAM?

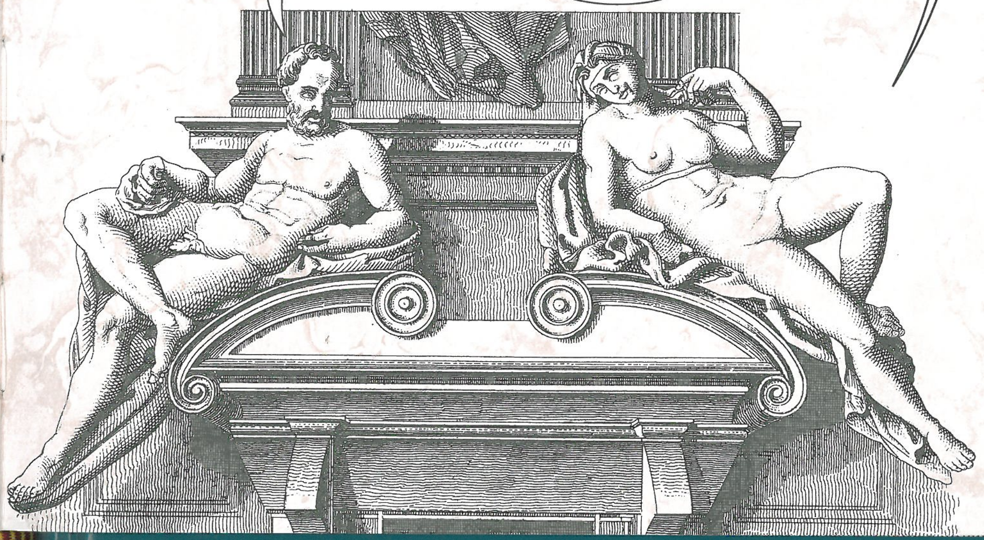
I can't believe I was looking for anything useful or even ornamental in that lump of outcast offal.

Cicero, In Pisonem

HIC MERETRICES, LABIIS DUM DUCTANT EUM, MAIOREM PARTEM VIDEAS VALGIS SAVIIS.

Even the prostitutes here pull such faces at him that, as you can see, most of them have ended up with bow-legged lips.

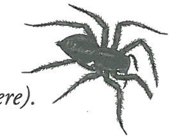
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus



WORTHLESS

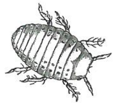


NIL BENE CUM FACIAS,
FACIAS TAMEN OMNIA BELLE,
VIS DICAM QUID SIS? MAGNUS ES ARDALIO.
You do nothing well. But everything you do, you do in style.
How should we describe you? You are just a great big piece of fluff.
Martial, Epigrams II.7



ES VILIOR ET LEVIOR.
You are cheaper and crummier (than I thought you were).
Catullus, poem 72

CUI NEQUE SERVUS EST NEQUE ARCA NEC
CIMEX NEQUE ARANEUS
You don't have a servant, or piggy-bank,
or even a bed-bug or a spider.
Catullus, poem 23



ODIOSUS MIHIS.
You're just a bad smell, as far as I'm concerned.
Plautus, Mnesilochus

NATES PILOSAS,
FILI, NON POTES ASSE VENDITARE.
Sonny-boy, you couldn't sell your hairy rump
for a penny.
Catullus, poem 33

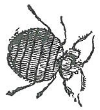


NON EGO TUAM
EMPSIM VITAM VITIOSA NUCE.
Your life's not worth a rotten nut to me.
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

VILISSIMUS

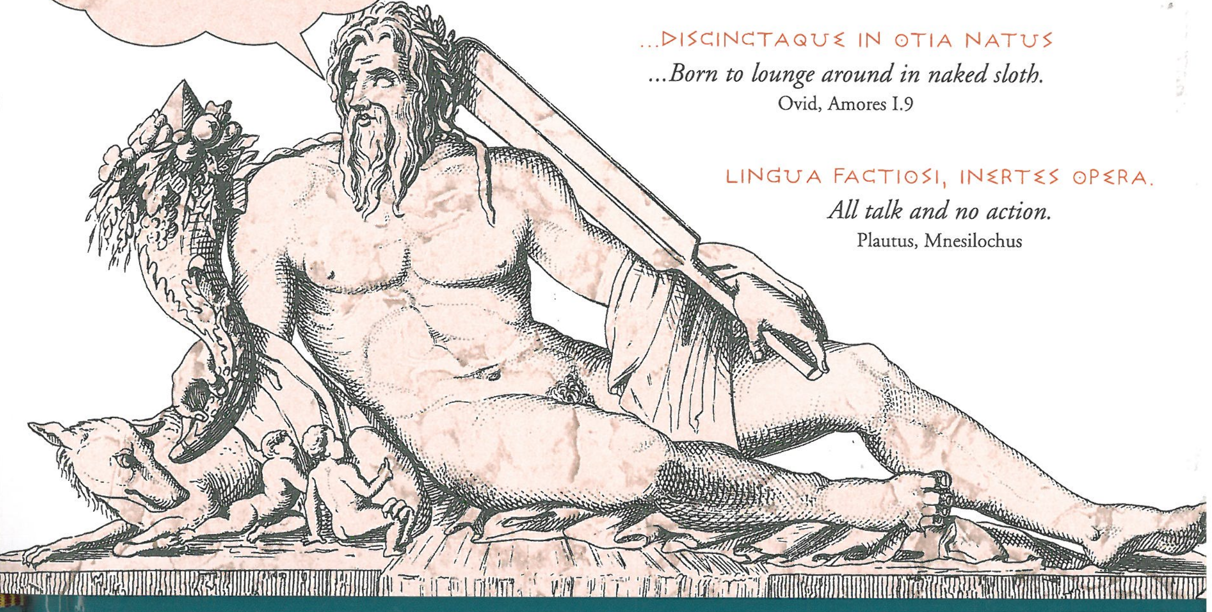
STERTIS ADHUC? LAXUMQUE CAPUT CONPAGE
SOLUTA OSCITAT HESTERNUM DISSUTIS UNDIQUE MALIS?
EST ALIQUID QUO TENDIS, ET IN QUOD DERIGIS ARCUM?
Are you still snoring? Is your slack head almost snapped on its stalk, with your face unzipped by the yawns earned in yesterday's debaucheries? Do you have any goals in life? Is there any point to your life?
Persius, Satire III

NEMO CONGRESSU, NEMO ADITU, NEMO SUFFRAGIO,
NEMO CIVITATE, NEMO LUCE DIGNUM PUTET
No one thinks you're worth his attention, his time, a vote, a place in society,
or even the light of day.
Cicero, In Vatinium



INDILIGENS CUM PIGRA FAMILIA...
You're a good-for-nothing slacker with a dysfunctional family...
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

OBLATRATRIX
Yapping cow!
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus



...DISCINCTAQUE IN OTIA NATUS
...Born to lounge around in naked sloth.
Ovid, Amores I.9

LINGUA FACTIOSI, INERTES OPERA.
All talk and no action.
Plautus, Mnesilochus

GORMLESS

LONGOS IMITARIS.
You pretend you are one of the big boys.
Horace, Satires II.3

CURRIS, STUPES, SATAGIS, TANQUAM MUS IN MATELLA.
All you do is run back and forth with a stupid expression, jittery as a rat in roasting pot.
Petronius, Satyricon

HAERES NEQUIQUAM CAENO CUPIENS EVELLERE PLANTAM.
Struggling in vain to lift yourself out of the mud, you just get sucked deeper in.
Horace, Satires II.7

TU URBANUS VERO SCURRA, DELICIAE POPLI.
You really are the village idiot, the play-thing of the people.
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

QUIS UMQUAM ADPARITOR TAM HUMILIS, TAM ABIECTUS?
What cringing sycophant ever sank so low, so ignominiously?
Cicero, Philippicae II

SIBILUM METUIS?
Are you afraid of hisses?
Cicero, In Pisonem

NE ACCLAMETUR TIMES?
Are you afraid to be booed?
Cicero, In Pisonem

INFELIX
No-hoper!
Cicero, In Pisonem

POËTA
Poet!
Cicero, In Pisonem

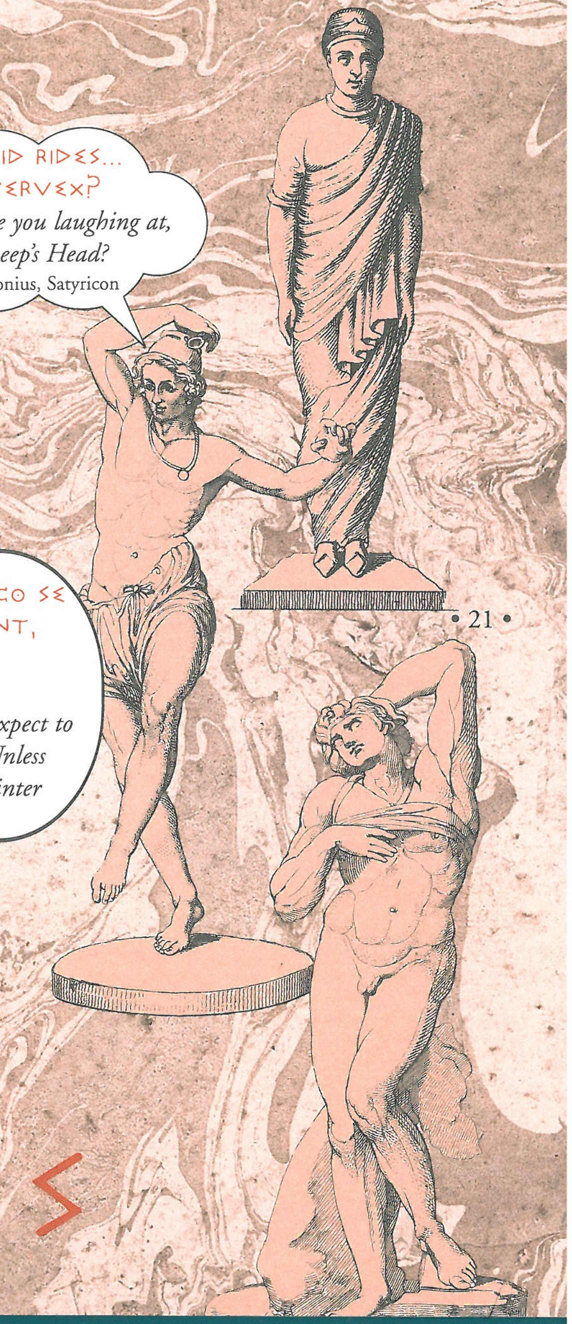


QUOS PEXO CAPILLO, NITIDOS, AUT IMBERBIS AUT BENE BARBATOS VIDETIS, MANICATIS ET TALARIBUS TUNICIS, VELIS AMICTOS, NON TOGIS.
Those types with their sculptured hair, glistening with oil, some with the softest of cheeks, others with the shaggiest of beards, in their long-sleeved tunics dangling down to the ankles, and frocks instead of togas.
Cicero, In Catilinam II

QUID RIDES... VERVEX?
What are you laughing at, Sheep's Head?
Petronius, Satyricon

HI PUERI TAM LEPIDI AC DELICATI ... QUO AUTEM PACTO ILLI APPENNINUM ATQUE ILLAS PRUINAS AC NIVIS PERFERENT? NISI IDCIRCO SE FACILIUS HIEMEM TOLERATUROS PUTANT, QUOD NUDI IN CONVIVIIS SALTARE DIDICERUNT.
These weakling softy-boys ... how in the hell do they expect to survive the frosts and snows of the Apennines? ... Unless they imagine that they are better armed against winter on account of their expertise in dancing naked at banquets.
Cicero, In Catilinam II

QUALES ILLIC HOMUNCULI
What weird little munchkins!
Apuleius, Metamorphoses IX



DEMENS

CHARMLESS

NON AMO TE, SABIDI, NEC POSSUM DICERE QUARE:
HOC TANTUM POSSUM DICERE, NON AMO TE.

I don't like you, Sabidus, and I can't say why.
But I can say this much for sure: I don't like you.

Martial, Epigrams I.32

Note — this couplet was the inspiration for
Tom Brown's famous epigram:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

TE NEMO TUORUM VIDERE VULT, OMNES ADITUM, SERMONEM, CONGRESSUM TUUM FUGIUNT

None of your loved ones wants to lay eyes on you; everyone beats a hasty retreat from your approach, your conversation, and your company.

Cicero, Pro Sestio

QUID MIHI REDDAT AGER QUAERIS, LINE, NOMENTANUS?
HOC MIHI REDDIT AGER: TE, LINE, NON VIDEO.

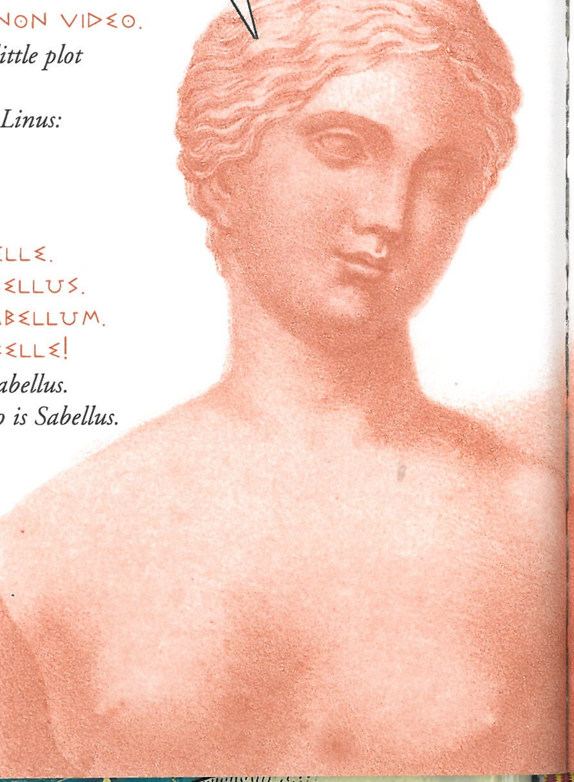
You want to know what I get out of my little plot
at Nomentum, Linus?
This is what I get out of my little plot, Linus:
I don't have to see you there.

Martial, Epigrams II.38

ODI TE QUIA BELLUS ES, SABELLE.
RES EST PUTIDA BELLUS; ET SABELLUS.
BELLUM DENIQUE MALO QUAM SABELLUM.
TABESCAS UTINAM, SABELLE, BELLE!

I hate you because you're a pretty-boy, Sabellus.
In my book, prettiness is a dirty word. And so is Sabellus.
I prefer war to Sabellus.
Sabellus, go to hell!
(Prettily.)

Martial, Epigrams XII.39



SINE VENUSTATE

NEMO ASPICIT, QUIN INGEMESCAT

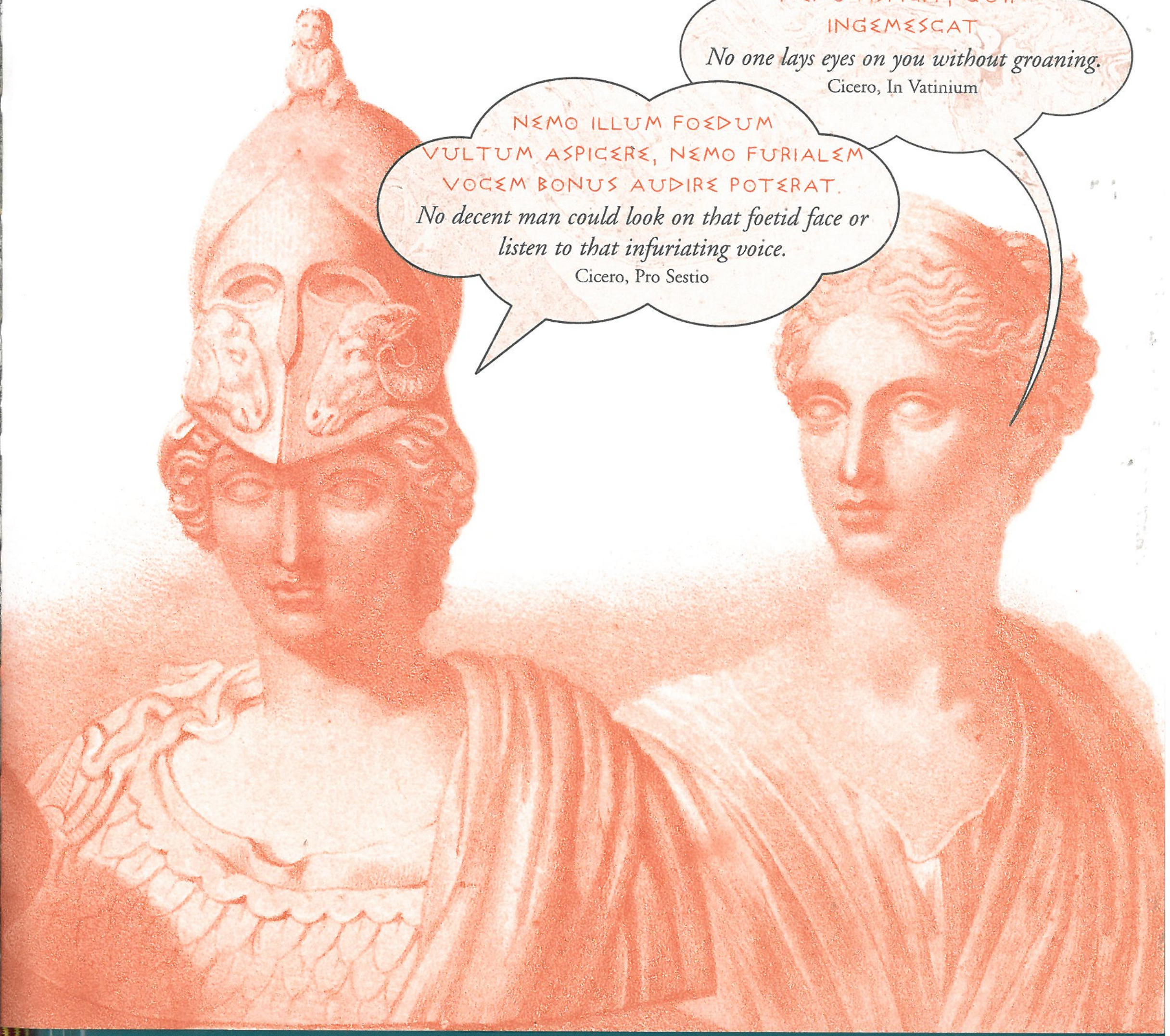
No one lays eyes on you without groaning.

Cicero, In Vatinium

NEMO ILLUM FOEDUM VULTUM ASPICERE, NEMO FURIALEM VOCEM BONUS AUDIRE POTERAT.

No decent man could look on that foetid face or listen to that infuriating voice.

Cicero, Pro Sestio



QUANDO FABAE NOBIS MODIUM FARRISVE DEDISTI,
CUM TUA NILIACUS RURA COLONUS ARET?
QUANDO BREVIS GELIDAE MISSA EST TOGA TEMPORE BRUMAE?
ARGENTI VENIT QUANDO SELIBRA MIHI?
NIL ALIUD VIDEO QUO TE CREDAMUS AMICUM
QUAM QUOD ME CORAM PERDERE, CRISPE, SOLES.

You may have your Nile-side acres tended by a local farmer,
but when have you given **me** *a single bean or a handful of wheat?*
When have I ever received even the thinnest of togas to help me through the icy winter days?
When did I see even a half-pound of silver from your hands? In fact, as far as I can see, the only single thing which makes me think of you as a friend, Crispus, is your habit of farting in my presence.

Martial, Epigrams X.15

GENUS, AUCTE,
LUCRI DIVITES HABENT IRAM:
ODISSE QUAM DONARE VILIUS CONSTAT.

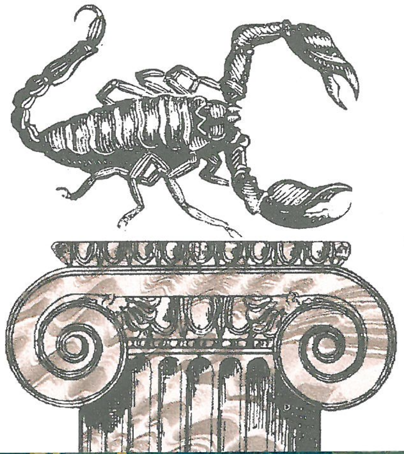
The rich, Auctus, see their irritability as just another industry:
hating is more cost-effective than giving.

Martial, Epigrams XII.13

SCORPIONEM PRAE MORUM
ACRITUDINE VULGUS APPELLAT.

The people call him the Scorpion,
on account of his poisonous personality.

Apuleius, Metamorphoses IX



GRATUITO POTIUS MALUS ATQUE CRUDELIS ERAT.

He was gratuitously nasty, mean and cruel, whenever possible.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae

INPLICATA INSCIENTIA INPUDENTIA EST

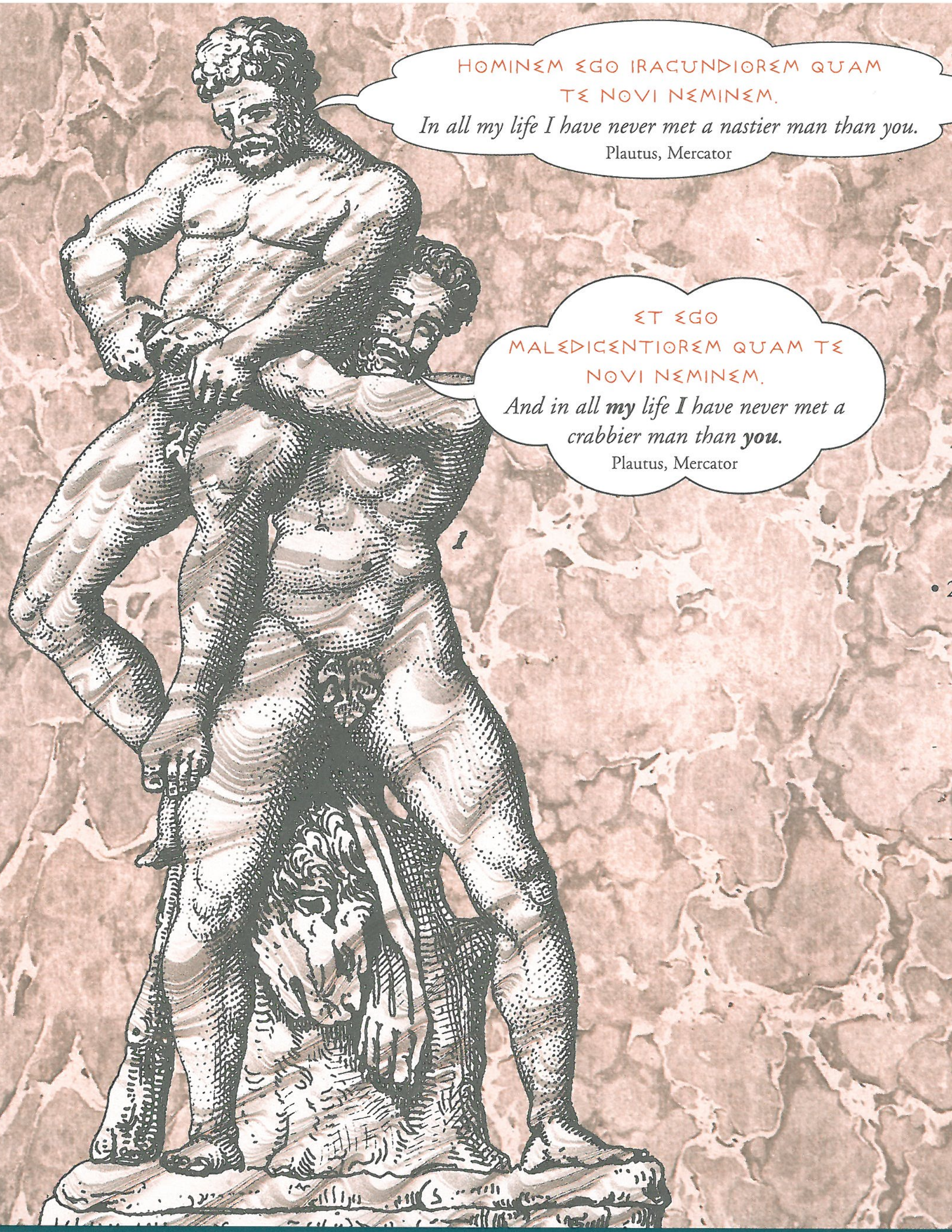
His ignorance and his insolence are inextricably intermingled.

Cicero, Philippicae II

ILLE SONAT QUO
MORDETUR GALLINA MARITO.

He makes a noise like a rooster nagging his hen.

Juvenal, Satire 3



LEGLESS EBRIOSUS

ACCUBANTES IN CONVIVIIS, COMPLEXI MULIERES IMPUDICAS, VINO LANGUIDI, CONFERTI CIBO, SERTIS REDIMITI, UNGUENTIS OBLITI, DEBILITATI STUPRIS ERUCTANT SERMONIBUS SUIS CAEDEM BONORUM ATQUE URBIS INCENDIA.

Reclining at their banquets, groping their whores, drooping with drink, stuffed full of food, draped with garlands, weighed down with oily scents, worn out by their debauchery, they belch out their plans for the slaughter of honest men and the burning of the city.

Cicero, In Catilinam II

FOEDA CONVIVIA.

What a disgusting dinner-party!

Ovid
Ibis

DEDITI VENTRI ATQUE SOMNO.

Men dedicated to the belly and to lying in bed.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae

VINO, GANEIS, LENOCINIIS, ADULTERIISQUE CONFECTUM.

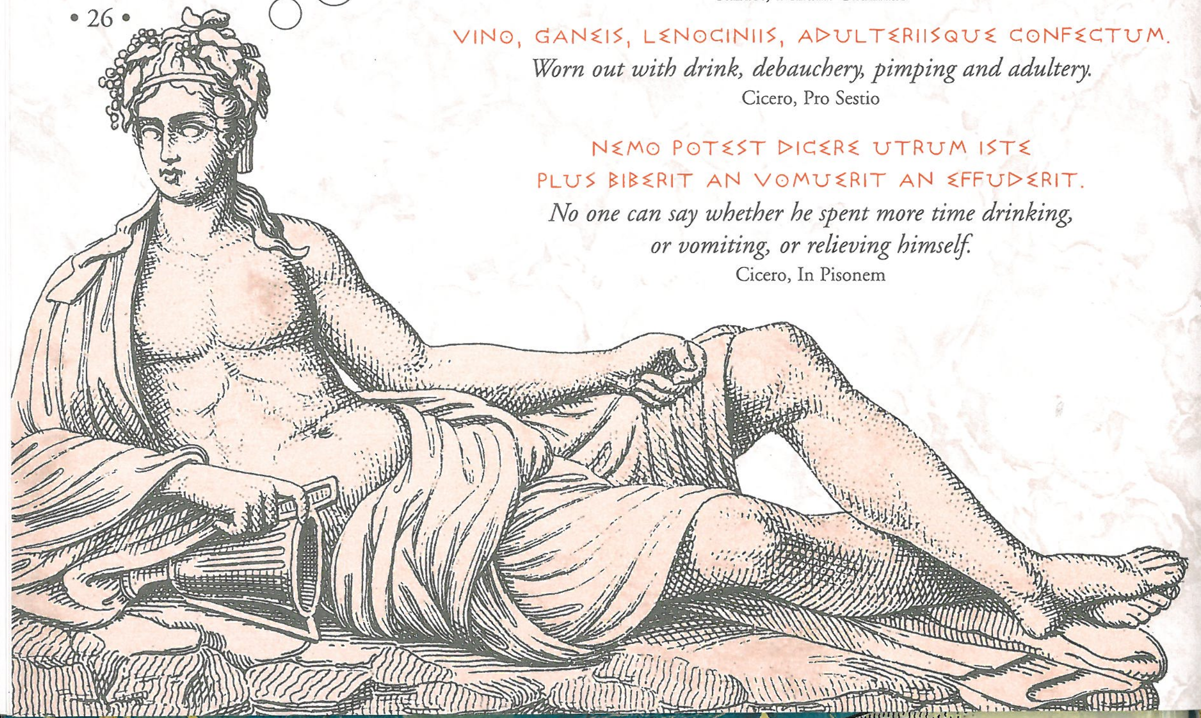
Worn out with drink, debauchery, pimping and adultery.

Cicero, Pro Sestio

NEMO POTEST DICERE UTRUM ISTE PLUS BIBERIT AN VOMUERIT AN EFFUDERIT.

No one can say whether he spent more time drinking, or vomiting, or relieving himself.

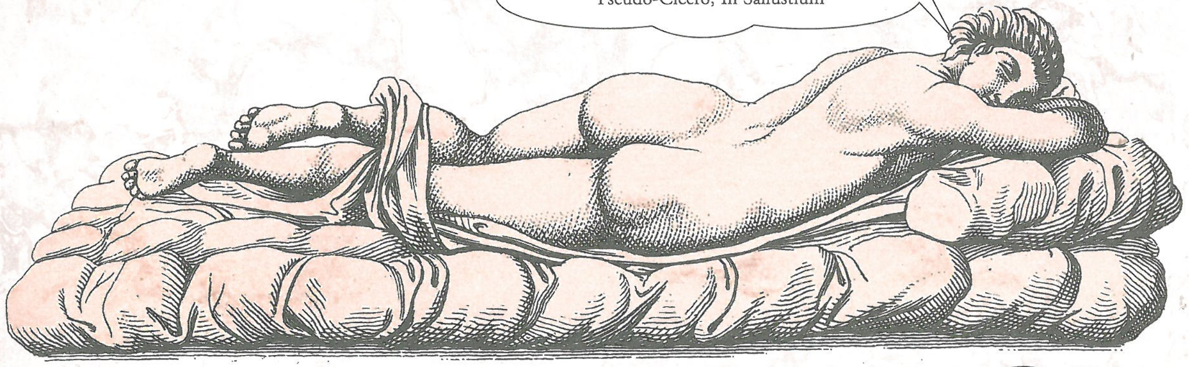
Cicero, In Pisonem



OMNIUM MENSARUM ASSECULA

Tapeworm on every dining table!

Pseudo-Cicero, In Sallustium



VIROSA EBRIOSA

Dippy dipsomaniac!

Apuleius, Metamorphoses IX

TAMQUAM ALTA IN DOLIA LONGUS DECIDERIT SERPENS, BIBIT ET VOMIT.

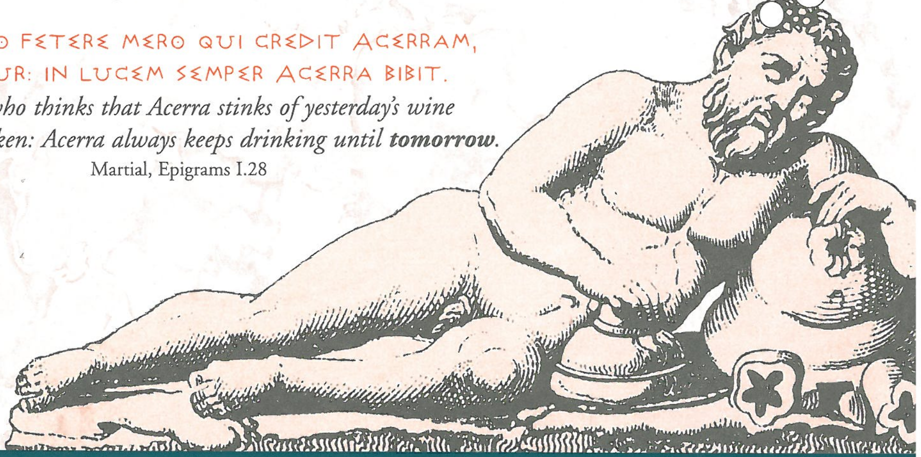
She drinks and vomits like a sinewy snake that has falllen into a deep vat of wine.

Juvenal, Satire 6

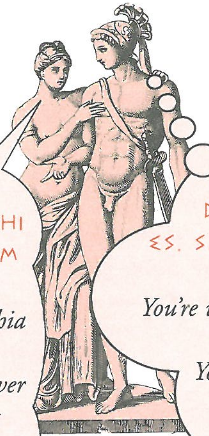
HESTERNO FETERE MERO QUI CREDIT ACERRAM, FALLITUR: IN LUCEM SEMPER ACERRA BIBIT.

Anyone who thinks that Acerra stinks of yesterday's wine
Is quite mistaken: Acerra always keeps drinking until ***tomorrow***.

Martial, Epigrams I.28



SEXLESS



INACHIAM TER NOCTE POTES, MIHI SEMPER AD UNUM MOLLIS OPUS.

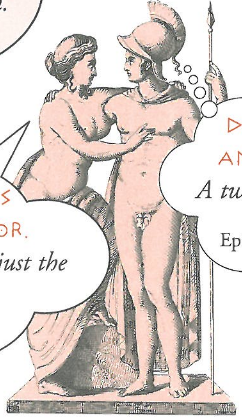
You can manage Inachia three times a night, but with me you're never even up for the first round.

Horace, Epode 12

QUAERIS CUR NOLIM TE DUCERE, GALLA? DISERTA ES. SAEPE SOLOECISMUM MENTULA NOSTRA FACIT.

You're wondering why I don't want to lead you down the aisle, Galla? You're an intellectual, but my organ commits the occasional solecism.

Martial, Epigrams XI.19



DEFORMIS ANUSQUE.

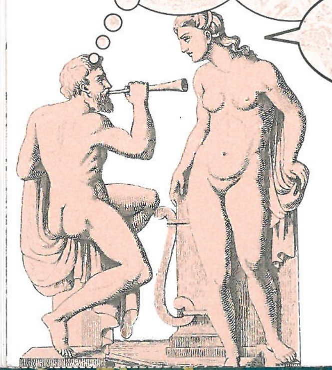
A twisted old hag.

Martial Epigrams VII.75

UMBRA ES AMANTIS MAGIS QUAM AMATOR.

You're not a real lover, you're just the shadow of a real lover.

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus



. QUO FUGIT VENUS, HEU, QUOVE COLOR?

Where has all your sex-appeal gone? Ah, how did your blossom wither?

Horace, Odes IV.13

FIS ANUS ET TAMEN VIS FORMOSA VIDERI LUDISQUE ET BIBIS IMPUDENS ET CANTU TREMULO POTA CUPIDINEM LENTUM SOLLICITAS.

You're well past it, but still you want to look like a model and run with the fun crowd, and drink like a fish, and, even though you're maudlin with booze, you try to get a rise out of unwilling Cupid with a quavering song.

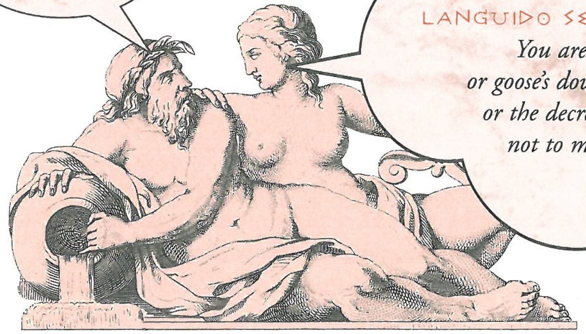
Horace, Odes IV.13

QUO VENUS ABHORRET

MALE ME MAREM PUTATIS?

So you think this stud's been knackered?

Catullus, poem 16



MOLLIOR CUNICULI CAPILLO, VEL ANSERIS MEDULLULA VEL IMULA ORICILLA VEL PENE LANGUIDO SENIS SITUQUE ARANEOSO.

You are softer than rabbit's fur, or goose's down, or a dainty little ear-tip, or the decrepit organ of an old geezer, not to mention the cobwebs that hang there.

Catullus, poem 25

SED INCITAT ME PECTUS ET MAMMAE PUTRES, EQUINA QUALES UBERA, VENTERQUE MOLLIS ET FEMUR TUMENTIBUS EXILE SURIS ADDITUM.

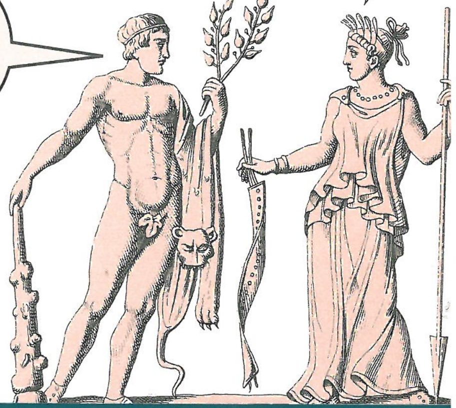
But of course what really gets me going about you is those dirty dugs hanging off your chest, like the nipples of an old nag, your spongy belly, and those wasted thighs atop your bulbous legs.

Horace, Epode 8

MAIALIS

Gelded grunter!

Cicero, In Pisonem



HIS

GRACELESS

CHAR: QUA FORMA ESSE AIEBANT IGITUR?
EUT: EGO DICAM TIBI: CANUM, VARUM, VENTRIOSUM,
BUCCULENTUM, BREVICULUM, SUBNIGRIS OCULIS, OBLONGIS MALIS,
PANSAM ALIQUANTULUM.
CHAR: NON HOMINEM MIHI, SED THENSAURUM NESCIO QUEM
MEMORAS MALI.

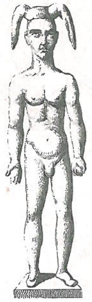
Char: So how did they say that man looked?
Eut: I'll tell you: he was a pint-sized little man with grey hair, knock-knees, a big fat belly, a gaping mouth, black bags under his eyes, lantern-jawed, with splayed feet.
Char: He's not a man, he's a compendium of weirdness.

Plautus, Mercator

MEDIISQUE IN NARIBUS INGENS
GIBBUS ET ACRE MALUM SEMPER STILLANTIS OCELLI.

He had a huge carbuncle in the middle of his mug,
And an acrid ooze of nastiness always dribbling from his eye.

Juvenal, Satire 6



HUNC VERO ACUTO CAPITE ET
AURIBUS LONGIS,
QUAE SIC MOVENTUR UT
SOLENT ASELLORUM

His head is a pointy cone and he flaps his elongated ears just like a donkey.

Martial, Epigrams VI.39

COLOR EI EXANGUIS, FOEDI
OCULI, CITUS MODO MODO
TARDUS INCESSUS; PRORSUS IN FACIE
VOLTUQUE VECORDIA INERAT.

His skin was bloodless, his eyeballs festering, he was now scampering, now dragging his feet; in short, his rabid state was clearly written on his features and his bearing.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae



HERS

INELEGANS

DE CATHEDRA QUOTIENS SURGIS — IAM SAEPE
NOTAVI — PEDICANT MISERAE, LESBIA, TE TUNICAE.
QUAS CUM CONATA ES DEXTRA, CONATA SINISTRA
VELLERE, CUM LACRIMIS EXIMIS ET GEMITU:
SIC CONSTRINGUNTUR GEMINA SYMPLEGADE CULI,
UT NIMIAS INTRANT CYANEASQUE NATIS.

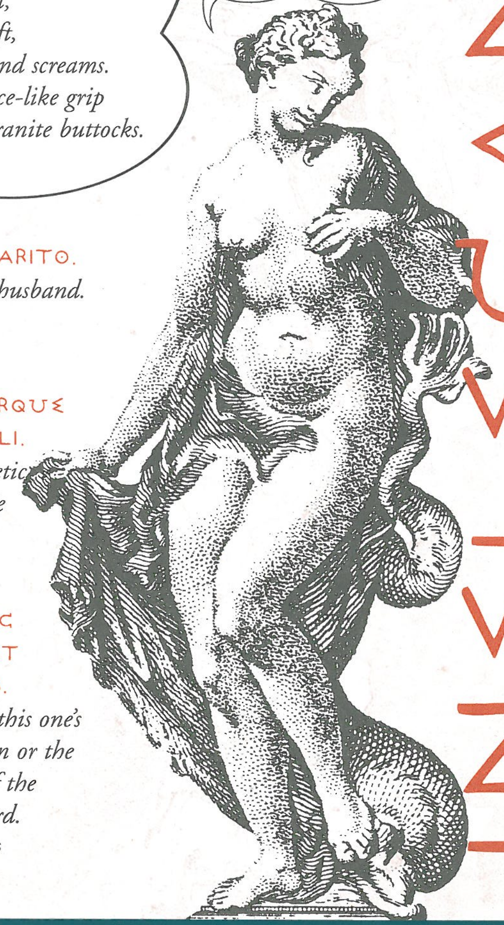
Whenever you get up from your chair
— I've spotted this several times already —
your unfortunate robe sodomises you, Lesbia.
You try your hand at yanking it out,
first with the right, then with the left,
but withdrawal can only be won with tears and screams.
The twin peaks of your posterior exert this vice-like grip
on whatever enters the superabundance of your granite buttocks.

Martial, Epigrams XI.99

O AUDACIAM IMMANEM

What monstrous audacity!

Cicero
Philippicae II



HORRIDIOR GLANDEM RUCTANTE MARITO.

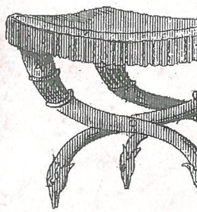
She is even shaggier than her acorn-belching husband.

Juvenal, Satire 6

NEQUE ILLI
IAM MANET UMIDA CRETA COLORQUE
STERCORE FUCATUS CROCODILI.

Even the damp powder and the cosmetic colour, distilled from dried crocodile dung, won't stick to her any more.

Horace, Epode 12



PITHECIUM HAEC
EST PRAE ILLA ET
SPINTURNICIUM.

*Oh, but compared to **her**, this one's nothing but a baby baboon or the ill-omened offspring of the penultimate dodo-bird.*

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

CUR SPLENIATO SAEPE PRODEAM MENTO
ALBAVE PICTUS SANA LABRA CERUSSA,
PHILINE. QUAERIS? BASIARE TE NOLO.

Are you wondering why I go about these days with my chin shrouded in bandages and my perfect lips smeared with thick white ointment?
I don't want to have to kiss you.

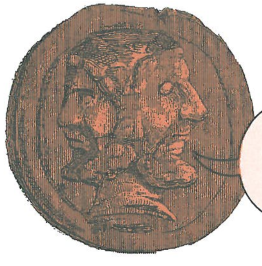
Martial, Epigrams X.22



SALVE, NEC MINIMO PUELLA NASO
NEC BELLO PEDE NEC NIGRIS OCELLIS
NEC LONGIS DIGITIS NEC ORE SICCO
NEC SANE NIMIS ELEGANTE LINGUA

Greetings, lady,
Not under-endowed in the nose department,
with not so very beautiful a foot,
nor exactly deep black eyes,
also lacking long slim fingers,
and with a mouth I couldn't really call dry —
with none too pretty a tongue inside it....

Catullus, poem 43



RUBOREM
FERREO CANIS
EXPRIMAMUS ORE

Let's squeeze a blush out of that bitch's metallic mug.

Catullus, poem 42

UVIS ARIDIOR PUELLA PASSIS ...
QUAE SUCO CARET UT
PUTRISQUE PUMEX.

This girl, less succulent than a shrivelled grape ... is as juicy as a crumbling pumice stone.

Priapea 32



TU LICET ET MANIBUS
BLANDIS ET VOCIBUS INSTES
TE CONTRA FACIES IMPERIOSA
TUA EST.

You can make as many sorties as you like with your seductive hands and your flattering words, but your face will always remain your own worst enemy.

Martial, Epigrams VI.23





MENTIRIS FICTOS UNGUENTO, PHOEBE, CAPILLOS
ET TEGITUR PICTIS SORDIDA CALVA COMIS.
TONSOREM CAPITI NON EST ADHIBERE NECESSE:
RADERE TE MELIUS SPONGEA, PHOEBE, POTEST.

You've used dye to forge a false head of hair, Phoebus,
concealing your contemptible cranium with painted-on curls;
so there's really no need to call in the barber,
a wet sponge will have you clean-shaven in no time.

Martial, Epigrams VI.57



FIANT ABSENTES ET TIBI, GALLA, COMAE,
NEC DENTES ALITER QUAM SERICA NOCTE REPONAS,
ET IACEAS CENTUM CONDITA PYXIDIBUS,
NEC TECUM FACIES TUA DORMIAT...

Galla, your hair's original owner was someone else's head,
And at night you put aside your teeth,
Just like you put aside your silks.
You lie, dismantled, in a hundred little boxes:
Your face does not sleep with you.

Martial, Epigrams IX.37

TU PUELLA NON ES

You're no spring chicken.

Martial, Epigrams II.41



TURPICULO PUELLA NASO

Little potato-noselette!

Catullus, poem 41



NE TIBI HERCLE HAUD
LONGEST OS AB INFORTUNIO.

By Hercules, misfortune and your face are never far apart.

Plautus, Mnesilochus

FACIES TUA CONPUTAT
ANNOS.

Your years are notched up on your face.

Juvenal, Satire 6

CAEPA CIRRATA
Curly-headed onion.
Petronius, Satyricon

URSIS ASPERIOR PILOSIORQUE
You're hoarier than a bear — and hairier too.
Priapea 46

FACIEM DURUM, PHOEBE, CACANTIS HABES.
You have the face of a man with severe constipation, Phoebus.
Martial, Epigrams III.89

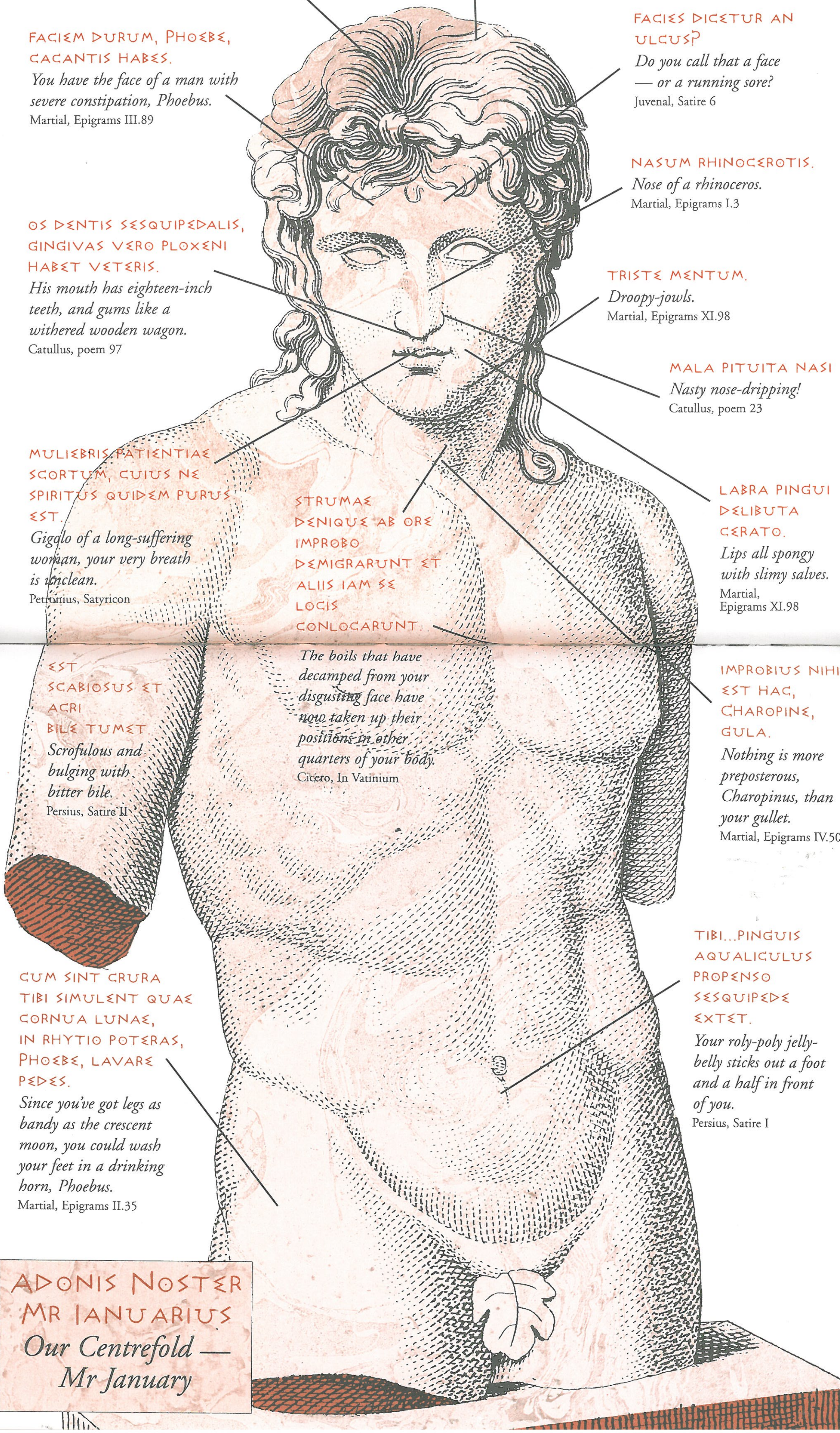
FACIES DICETUR AN ULCUS?
Do you call that a face — or a running sore?
Juvenal, Satire 6

NASUM RHINOCEROTIS.
Nose of a rhinoceros.
Martial, Epigrams I.3

OS DENTIS SESQUIPEDALIS, GINGIVAS VERO PLOXENI HABET VETERIS.
His mouth has eighteen-inch teeth, and gums like a withered wooden wagon.
Catullus, poem 97

TRISTE MENTUM.
Droopy-jowls.
Martial, Epigrams XI.98

MALA PITUITA NASI
Nasty nose-dripping!
Catullus, poem 23



MULIEBRIS PATIENTIAE SCORTUM, CUIUS NE SPIRITUS QUIDEM PURUS EST.
Gigolo of a long-suffering woman, your very breath is unclean.
Petronius, Satyricon

STRUMAE DENIQUE AB ORE IMPROBO DEMIGRARUNT ET ALIIS IAM SE LOCIS CONLOCARUNT
The boils that have decamped from your disgusting face have now taken up their positions in other quarters of your body.
Cicero, In Vatinium

LABRA PINGUI DELIBUTA CERATO.
Lips all spongy with slimy salves.
Martial, Epigrams XI.98

EST SCABIOSUS ET ACRI BILE TUMET
Scrofulous and bulging with bitter bile.
Persius, Satire II

IMPROBIUS NIHIL EST HAC, CHAROPINE, GULA.
Nothing is more preposterous, Charopinus, than your gullet.
Martial, Epigrams IV.50

TIBI...PINGUIS AQUALICULUS PROPENSO SESQUIPEDE EXTET.
Your roly-poly jelly-belly sticks out a foot and a half in front of you.
Persius, Satire I

CUM SINT CRURA TIBI SIMULENT QUAE CORNUA LUNAE, IN RHYTIO POTERAS, PHOEBE, LAVARE PEDES.
Since you've got legs as bandy as the crescent moon, you could wash your feet in a drinking horn, Phoebus.
Martial, Epigrams II.35

ADONIS NOSTER MR IANUARIUS
Our Centrefold — Mr January

MALODOROUS

FOETOREM EXTREMAE LATRINAE.

You are the stench of a low-life latrine. Apuleius, Metamorphoses I

FU, OBOLUISTI ALIUM, GERMANA INLUVIES, RUSTICUS, HIRCUS, HARA SUIS.

Pooey! You stink of garlic! Home-grown dung, bumpkin, billy-goat, pig-pen! Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

EX HARA PRODUCTE.

Ex-tenant of a pigsty. Cicero, In Pisonem

SORDIDIQUE LICHENES.

Rancid ringworm. Martial, Epigrams XI.98

UNGUENTUM FUERAT, QUOD ONYX MODO PARVA GEREBAT: OLFECIT POSTQUAM PAPYLUS, ECCE, GARUM EST.

A moment ago there was perfume in the little alabaster jar. Then Papylus stuck his nose in it. Now look — it's fish-juice. Martial, Epigrams VII.94

AURICULAM MARIO GRAVITER MIRARIS OLERE. TU FACIS HOC: GARRIS, NESTOR, IN AURICULUM.

You seem surprised that Marius' ear smells so disgusting. It's your fault. You are always chattering in his ear, Nestor. Martial, Epigrams III.28

QUI SUDOR VIETIS ET QUAM MALUS UNDIQUE MEMBRIS CRESCIT ODOR.

What a sweat and what a stink suffuses her senile sinews! Horace, Epode XII

CAENUM

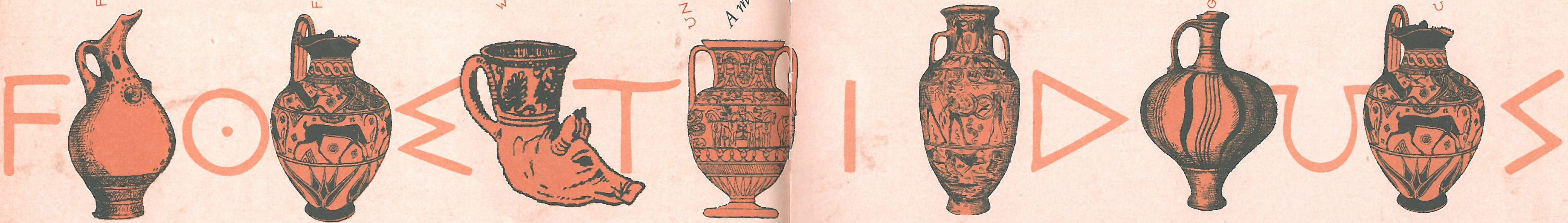
Filth! Cicero, In Pisonem

LUTULENTE

Dirt-bag! Cicero, In Pisonem

PUSULAEVE LUCENTES.

Pile of pus. Martial, Epigrams XI.98



TIBI FERTUR
VALLE SUB ALARUM TRUX HABITARE CAPER.
HUNC METUUNT OMNES.
NEQUE MIRUM: NAM
MALA VALDEST
BESTIA, NEC QUICUM BELLA PUELLA CUBET.
The word is that a rank goat inhabits your armpits.
That's what's sending them running. It's no surprise:
for it's a real hairy monster you've got there
and not at all the type of thing
a beautiful girl wants to lie down with.
Catullus, poem 49



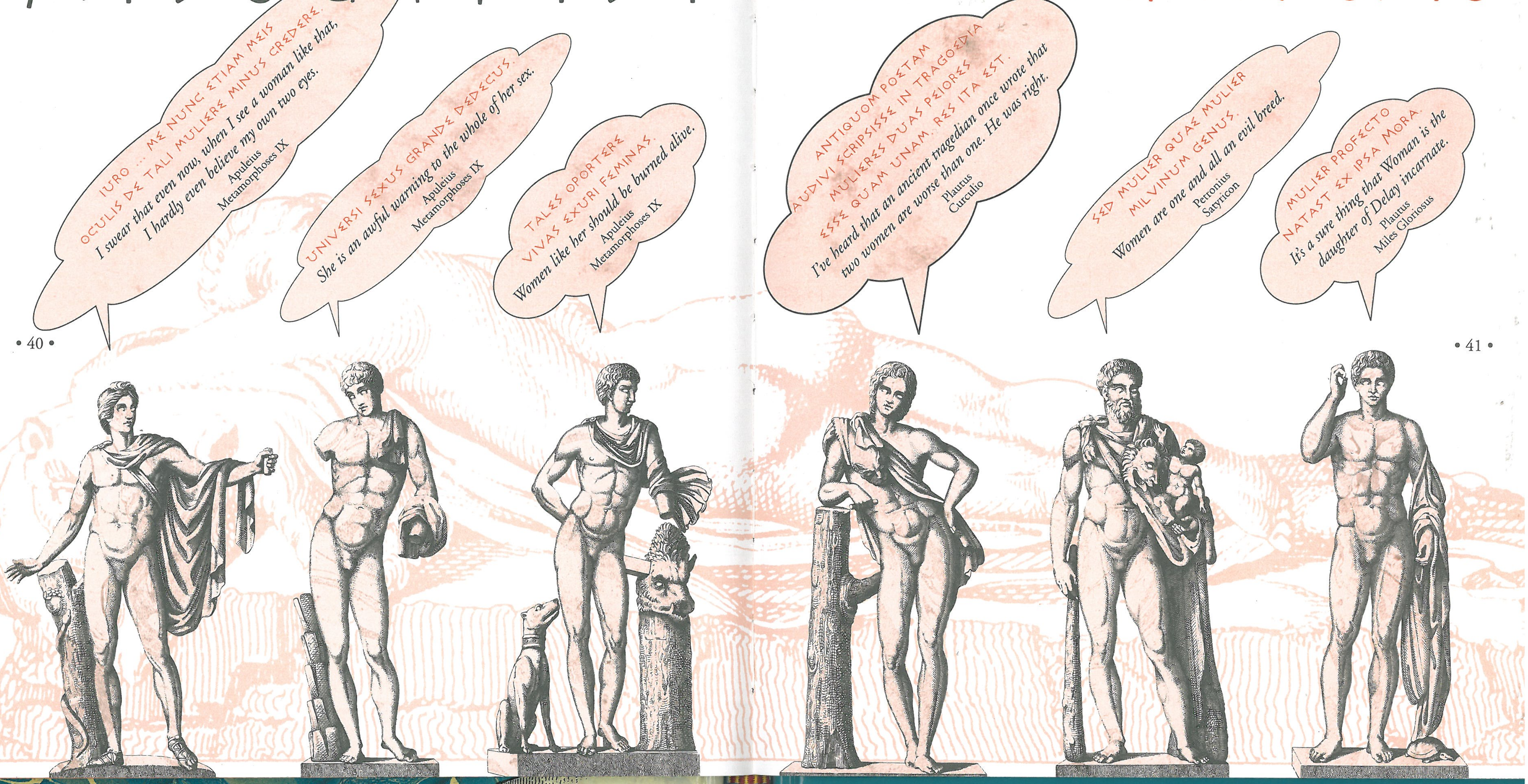
ZOILE, QUOD SOLIUM
SUBLUTO PODICE PERDIS,
SPURCIUS UT FIAT, ZOILE, MERGE CAPUT.
Zoilus, you ruin the bath by rinsing your rear end in it,
but if you really want to insult it, Zoilus,
stick your head in it.
Martial, Epigrams II.42

NAM QUOTIENS FUTUIT,
TOTIENS ULCISCITUR AMBOS:
ILLAM AFFLIGIT ODORE, IPSA PERIT PODAGRA
Every time he makes love, it's a massacre.
He savages her with his stink,
he himself is ravaged by his gout.
Catullus, poem 71

QUOD SICCA REDOLET PALUS LACUNA,
...PISCINAE VETUS AURA QUOD MARINAE,
QUOD PRESSA PIGER HIRCUS IN CAPELLA,
LASSI VARDAICUS QUOD EVOCATI,
...MAESTORUM QUOD ANHELITUS REORUM,
QUOD SPURCAE MORIENS LUCERNA LEDAE,
...QUOD VULPIS FUGA, VIPERAE CUBILE,
MALLEM QUAM QUOD OLES OLERE, BASSA.
The stink emanating from the brackish swamp,
...or the antediluvian stench of a salt-water pond,
or a musty old goat panting over his nanny,
or the old boot of a dog-tired ex-soldier,
...or the halitosis of miserable defendants in the dock,
or the sputtering oil-lamp of perverted Leda,
...or a fox in flight, or a viper's lair,
I'd rather smell of any of these, Bassa,
than smell of you.
Martial, Epigrams IV.4

NON (ITA ME DI AMENT)
QUICQUAM REFERRE PUTAVI,
UTRUMNE OS AN CULUM OLFACEREM AEMILIO.
NILO MUNDIUS HOC, NILOQUE IMMUNDIOR ILLE,
VERUM ETIAM CULUS MUNDIOR ET MELIOR:
NAM SINE DENTIBUS EST.
God help me, I didn't think there was much in it:
whether I sniffed Aemilius' mouth or his rear end.
The former is no fresher, the latter is no fouller.
...But, come to think of it, his ***rear end*** *is far fresher and finer:*
because at least it's got no teeth.
Catullus, poem 97

MISOGYNIST CVI FEMINAE ODIO



BONA UXOR SUAVE DUCTUST,
SI SIT USQUAM GENTIUM
UBI EA POSSIT INVENIRI

To take a good woman as your wife is a marvellous thing — or at least it would be if there was anywhere on earth you could find one.
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus



DESPERANDA TIBI SALVA CONCORDIA SOCRU.

Give up all hope of peace as long as your mother-in-law is alive.
Juvenal, Satire 6

SED MULIER CUPIDO QUOD DICIT AMANTI
IN VENTO ET RAPIDA SCRIBERE OPORTET AQUA.

What a woman says to her amorous lover — you might as well write it on the wind and running water!
Catullus, poem 70

VERBA PUELLARUM,
FOLIIS LEVIORA CADUCIS,
INRITA, QUA VISUM EST, VENTUS
ET UNDA FERUNT.

Any word that comes out of a woman's mouth is bound to be as lightweight as a falling leaf — a waste of breath, to be wafted away at the whim of the wind and the waves.
Ovid, Amores II.16

NON EGO POSSUM QUAE
IPSA SESE VENDITAT TUTARIER.

How am I supposed to keep an eye on a woman who is always on the market?
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

MALA
MULIER MERS EST.

Women are soiled goods.
Plautus
Miles Gloriosus



NAM MULIER HOLITORI
NUMQUAM SUPPLICAT, SI QUAST MALA:
DOMI HABET HORTUM ET
CONDIMENTA AD OMNIS MORES MALEFICOS.

A truly evil woman doesn't need to beg at the apothecary's door for her supplies: in her own back yard she cultivates sauces to complement every sort of sin.
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

UBERIBUS SEMPER
LACRIMIS SEMPERQUE PARATIS
IN STATIONE SUA ATQUE
EXPECTANTIBUS ILLAM

Tears? She always has plenty in stock, and always at the ready, standing on guard awaiting her instructions regarding the manner of their despatch.
Juvenal, Satire 6

OMNIA PRORSUS UT IN QUANDAM
CAENOSAM LATRINAM IN EIUS ANIMUM
FLAGITIA CONFLUXERANT.

Her soul was like some quaggy latrine into which every imaginable iniquity had flowed.
Apuleius, Metamorphoses IX

MOECHA TURPIS

Shameful slut !
Catullus, poem 52

INVISA

Abominable female!
Virgil, Aeneid II

MOLESTAE

Insufferable women!
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

DISREPUTABLE
IMPROBISSIMUS

PESSIME
Worst of the worst!
Horace, Satires II.7

MALUS.
An all-round bad-guy.
Catullus, poem 5

INFANDUM
Unspeakable!
Virgil, Aeneid I

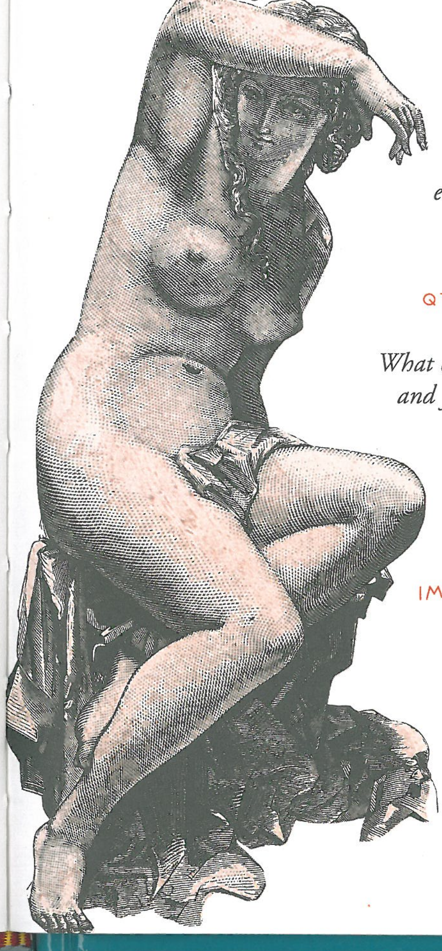
SCELERATUS
Ruffian!
Cicero, In Pisonem

SCHOENOBATES
Low-life trapeze-artist!
Juvenal, Satire 3



MISERUM ME! CUM HAC ME NUNC PESTE ATQUE LABE CONFERO!
Poor me! Do I compare myself to this diseased excrescence and human pimple?
Cicero, In Pisonem

COLORE IPSO PATRIAM ASPERNARIS.
You disgrace your country, merely with your complexion.
Cicero, In Pisonem



INCLUSAS EIUS LIBIDINES, QUI PAULO PROPIUS ACCESSERANT, INTUEBANTUR.
His veiled lusts were there to be seen — by those who looked a little closer.
Cicero, Pro Sestio

IMMODERATA, INCREDIBILIA, NIMIS ALTA SEMPER CUPIEBAT.
He was always lusting after the exorbitantly excessive, the extravagantly unbelievable, and the outrageously unreasonable.
Sallust, Bellum Catilinae

QUID AGAS, CUM DIRA ET FOEDIOR OMNI CRIMINE PERSONA EST?
What can you do, when the man himself is more foul and filthy than any slander you can sling at him?
Juvenal, Satire 4

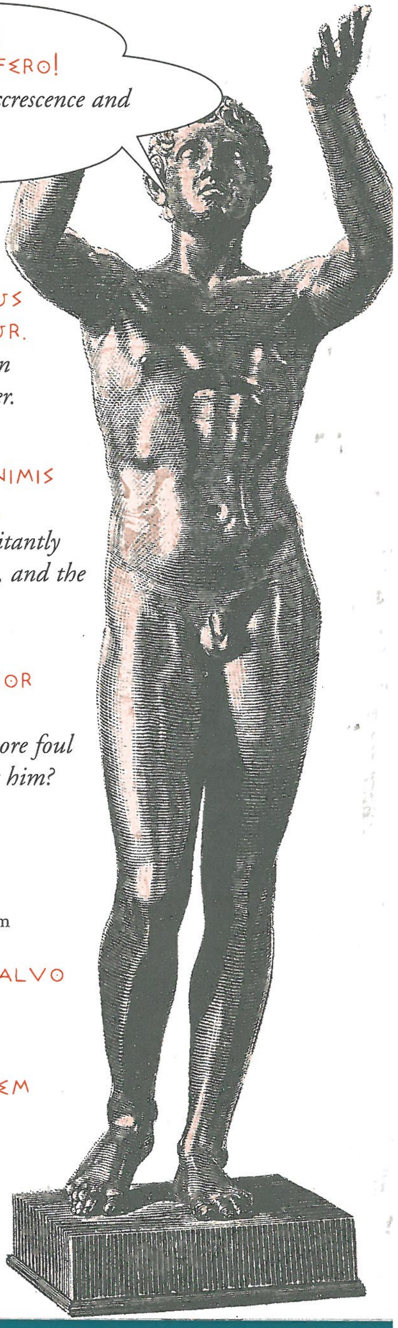
FURCIFER
Gallows-rogue!
Cicero, In Pisonem

BELUA
Monster!
Cicero, In Pisonem

IMPURAE MATRIS PROLAPSUS AB ALVO
Slimy son-of-a-bitch!
Ovid, Ibis

NEQUAM... HOMINEM ET LEVEM
Wicked, slippery man!
Cicero, Pro Sestio

HOMO DETERRIME
Lowest of the low-lifes!
Cicero, In Verrem II



INSUFFERABLE

NON HERCLE
HUMANUST ERGO—
NAM VOLTURIO PLUS HUMANI CREDO EST.
By Hercules, he's just not human!
I don't doubt that there's more humanity in a vulture.
Plautus
Miles Gloriosus

DESINET ESSE PRIUS CONTRARIUS IGNIBUS UMOR,
IUNCTAQUE CUM LUNA LUMINA SOLIS ERUNT;
PARSQUE EADEM CAELI ZEPHYROS EMITTET ET EUROS...
ET VER AUTUMNO, BRUMAE MISCEBITUR AESTAS,
ATQUE EADEM REGIO VESPER ET ORTUS ERIT:
QUAM MIHI SIT TECUM POSITIS, QUAE SUMPSIMUS, ARMIS
GRATIA, COMMISSIS, IMPROBE, RUPTA TUIS.
PAX ERIT HAEC NOBIS, DONEC MIHI VITA MANEBIT,
CUM PECORE INFIRMO QUAE SOLET ESSE LUPIS.

Fire and water will forget their age-old enmity.
The sun's rays will stick fast to the moon,
The same gust of wind will blow eastwards and westwards,
Spring will consort with autumn, and winter with summer,
And the sun will rise and set at the very same spot.
All of this must take place, before you and I
Lay down the weapons we have ranged against each other,
And only ***then****, you bastard, will we bring back from the dead the friendship*
Which your grotesque crimes have smashed to smithereens.
Until I breathe my final breath, the only peace we will declare
Will be the kind that exists
Between the wolves and the defenceless sheep.
Ovid, Ibis

INTOLERABILIS

SUBLESTA FIDE.
Your fidelity is featherweight.
Plautus, Mnesilochus

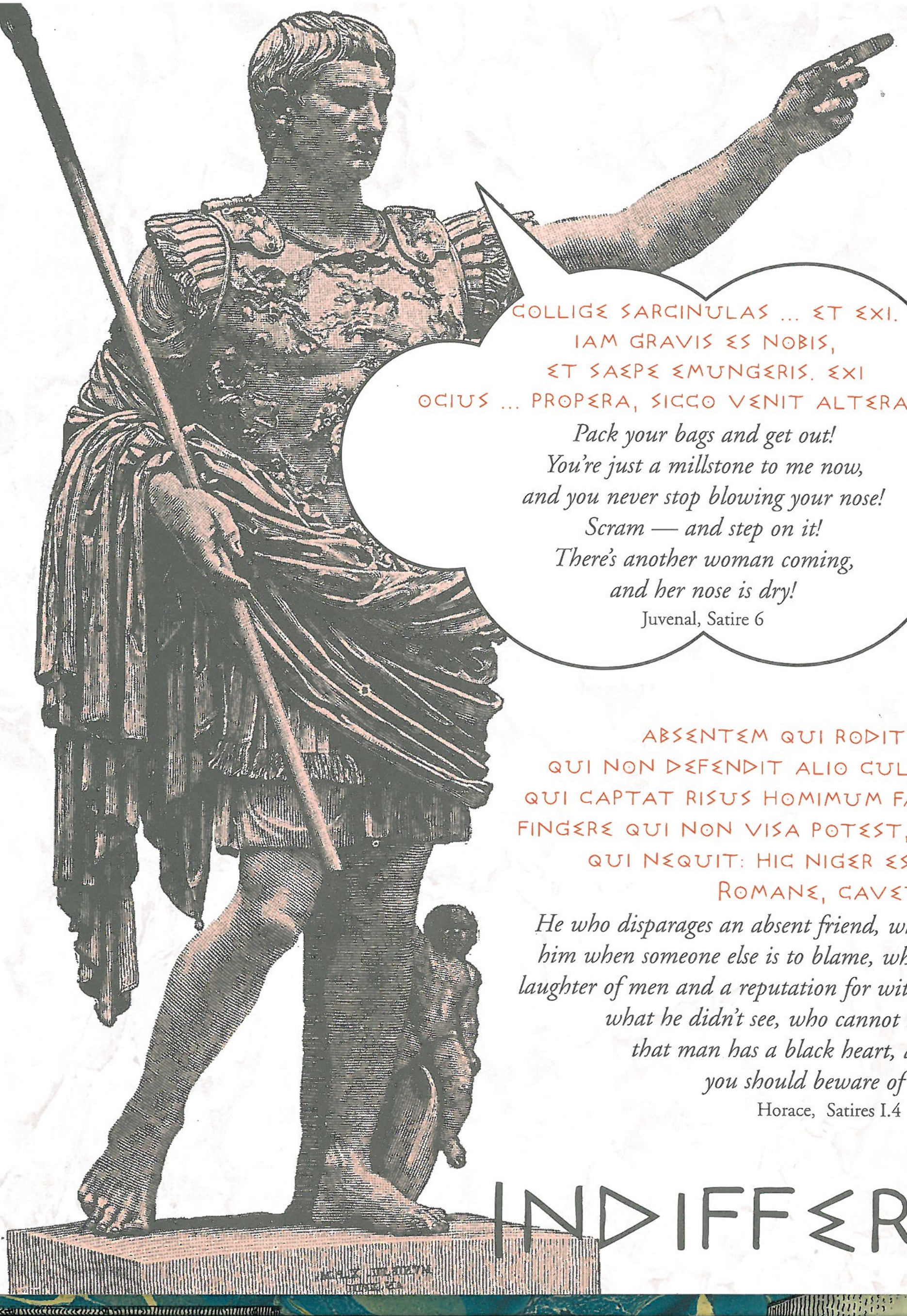
FRETIS ACRIOR HADRIAE
CURVANTIS CALABROS SINUS.
More tempestuous than the wild waves of Hadria twisting round the curving coastline of Calabria.
Horace, Odes I.33

PETULANS, PROTERVO, IRACUNDO ANIMO, INDOMITO, INCOGITATO,
SINE MODO ET MODESTIA SUM, SINE BONO IURE ATQUE HONORE,
INCREDIBILIS INPOSQUE ANIMI, INAMABILIS, INLEPIDUS VIVO,
MALEVOLENTE INGENIO NATUS.

Impossible, impudent, bad-tempered, wilful, thoughtless,
Immoderate and immodest, no good at all and up to no good,
Cynical and out of control, unlovable, thoroughly ill-mannered,
Born bad.
Plautus, Mnesilochus

VISCERIBUS MISERORUM ET SANGUINE VESCITUR ATRO.
He feeds on the flesh and dark blood of unfortunates.
Virgil, Aeneid III

IMMANISSIMUM AC FOEDISSIMUM MONSTRUM
Gross and putrid monster.
Cicero, In Pisonem



ABSENTEM QUI RODIT AMICUM,
QUI NON DEFENDIT ALIO CULPANTE, SOLUTOS
QUI CAPTAT RISUS HOMIMUM FAMAMQUE DICACIS,
FINGERE QUI NON VISA POTEST, COMMISSA TACERE
QUI NEQUIT: HIC NIGER EST, HUNC TU,
ROMANE, CAVETO.

He who disparages an absent friend, who does not stick up for him when someone else is to blame, who lusts after the ribald laughter of men and a reputation for wittiness, who can make up what he didn't see, who cannot keep a secret — that man has a black heart, and Romans, you should beware of him.

Horace, Satires I.4

INDIFFERENT

O TENEBRAE, LUTUM, SORDES, O PATERNI GENERIS OBLITE,
MATERNI VIX MEMOR

O heart of darkness, of dirt, of degradation, forgetful of your father's fathers, with scarcely a memory of your mother's mothers!

Cicero, In Pisonem

NULLANE RES POTUIT CRUDELIS FLECTERE MENTIS
CONSILIUM? TIBI NULLA FUIT CLEMENTIA PRAESTO,
IMMITE UT NOSTRI VELLET MISERESCERE PECTUS?

Could nothing sway the decision of your cruel mind? Was there no humanity in you to move your heartless heart in compassion for me?

Catullus, poem 64

QUOD MARE CONCEPTUM SPUMANTIBUS EXPUIT UNDIS.

What sea retched you, its creature, up out of its foamy waves?

Catullus, poem 54

QUAENAM TE GENUIT SOLA SUB RUPE LEAENA?

What lioness spawned you under what godforsaken crag?

Catullus, poem 64

HAEC TE, SI ULLAM PARTEM HABES SENSUS,
LACERAT, HAEC CRUENTAT ORATIO.

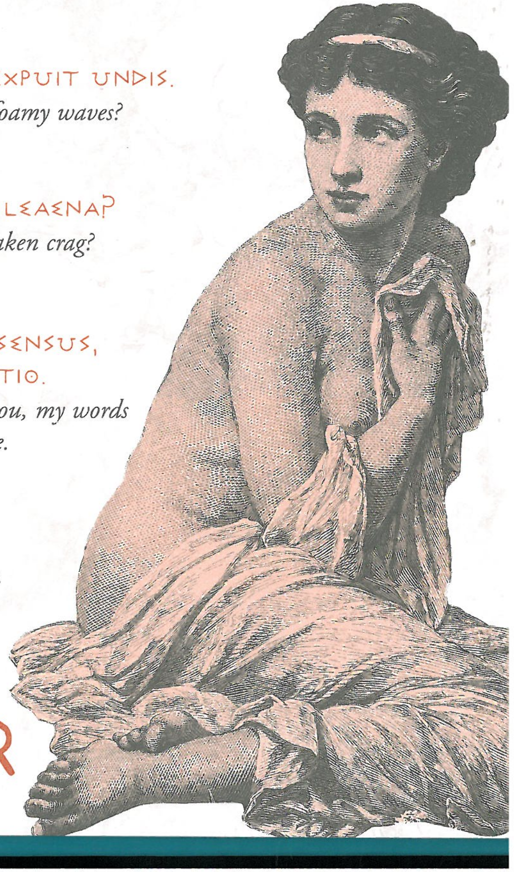
If there is even a smidgen of human warmth in you, my words will rend your heart in bloody torture.

Cicero, Philippicae II

O PRAELIGATUM PECTUS!

Your heart is just a hardened artery.

Plautus, Mnesilochus

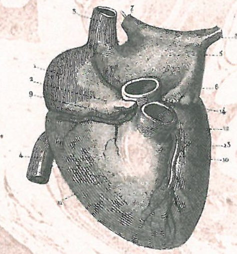


MEDIOCRITER

QUAE LIBIDO AB OCULIS, QUOD FACINUS A MANIBUS UMQUAM TUIS, QUOD FLAGITIUM A TOTO CORPORE AFUIT?

Is there any lust which has never shone in your eyes, any crime which your hands have never committed, any disgraceful act which every inch of your body has not revelled in?

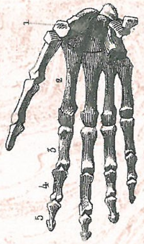
Cicero, In Catilinam I



ANIMUS AUDAX, SUBDOLUS, VARIUS.

A brazen heart, multifaceted in its evil subtleties.

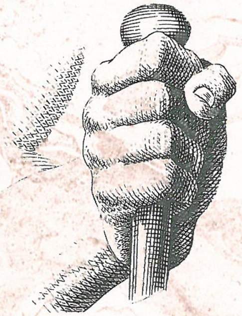
Sallust
Bellum Catilinae



CUI DUBIUM POTEST ESSE, QUIN OPULENTIAM ISTAM EX SANGUINE ET MISERIIS CIVIUM PARARIS?

Who could doubt that you have reaped this opulent wealth of yours from the blood and misery of the people?

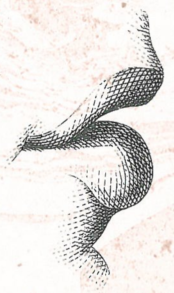
Pseudo-Sallust
In Ciceronem



HOMO AVARISSIME ET SPURCISSIME.

Most grasping and most grimy of men!

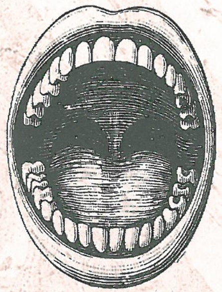
Cicero
In Verrem II



INQUE LUTO FIXUM POSSIS TRANSCENDERE NUMMUM NEC GLUTTU SORBERE SALIVAM MERCURIALEM?

Can't you even walk past a coin stuck in the mud without the venal saliva dribbling from your mouth?

Persius
Satire V



TURBIDA RAPACIOR PROCELLA.

You are more voracious than a ravening whirlwind.

Catullus
poem 25



GURGES AC VORAGO PATRIMONII.

In you, your inheritance has found a gaping abyss leading to a bottomless pit.

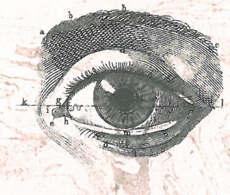
Cicero
Pro Sestio



DENTES VEL SILICEM COMESSE POSSUNT.

Those teeth of yours could chew up a a flint-stone.

Catullus
poem 23



LIVIDE

Green-eyed monster!

Martial
Epigrams XI.20

LUPATRIA

Wolf-eyed woman!

Petronius
Satyricon

VENAL

MIRARIS, CUM TU ARGENTO POST OMNIA PONAS, SI NEMO PRAESTET QUEM NON MEREARIS AMOREM?

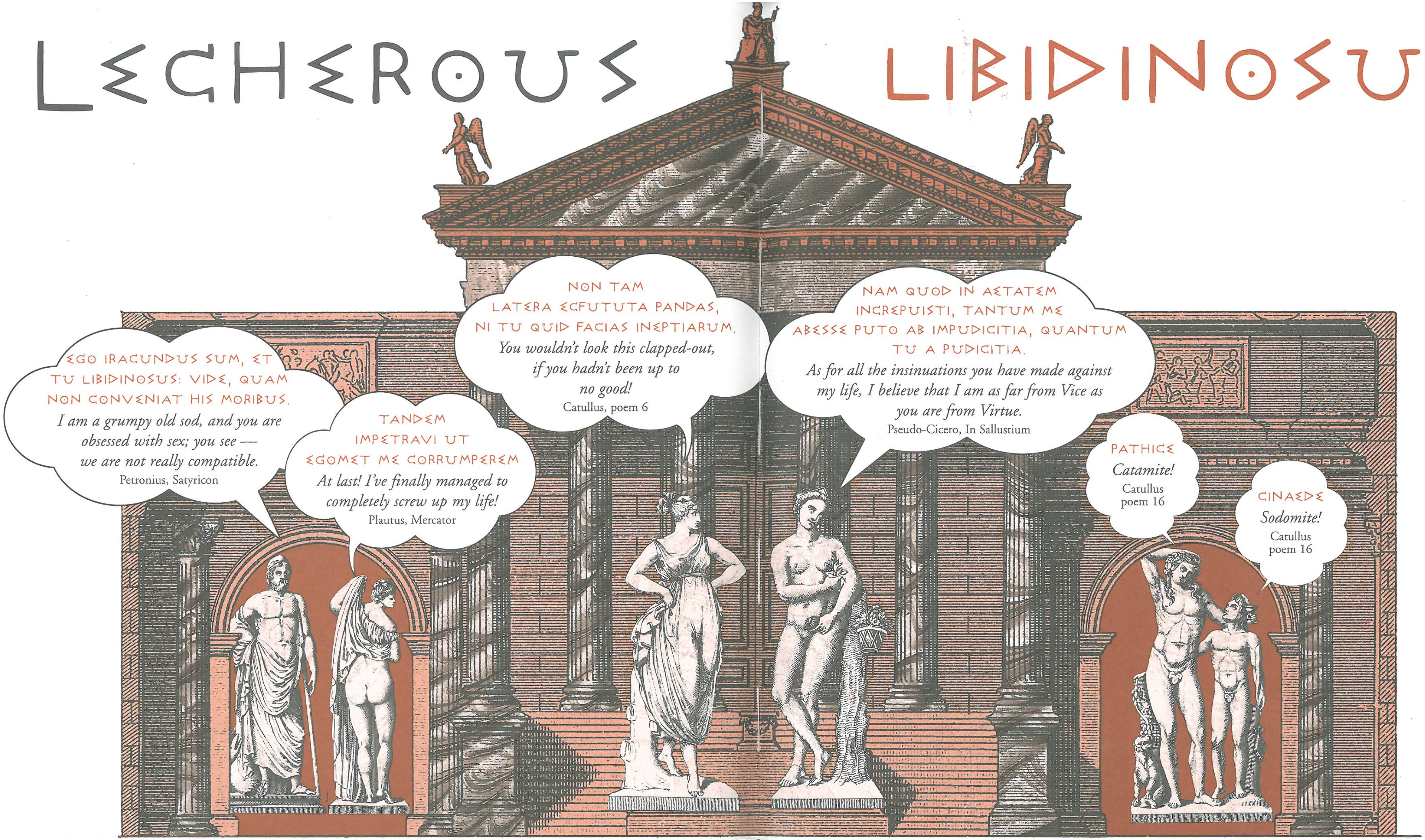
Are you really surprised, when you love money more than anything, that no one pays **you** *the love you haven't earned?*

Horace, Satires I.1

VENALIS

LECHEROUS

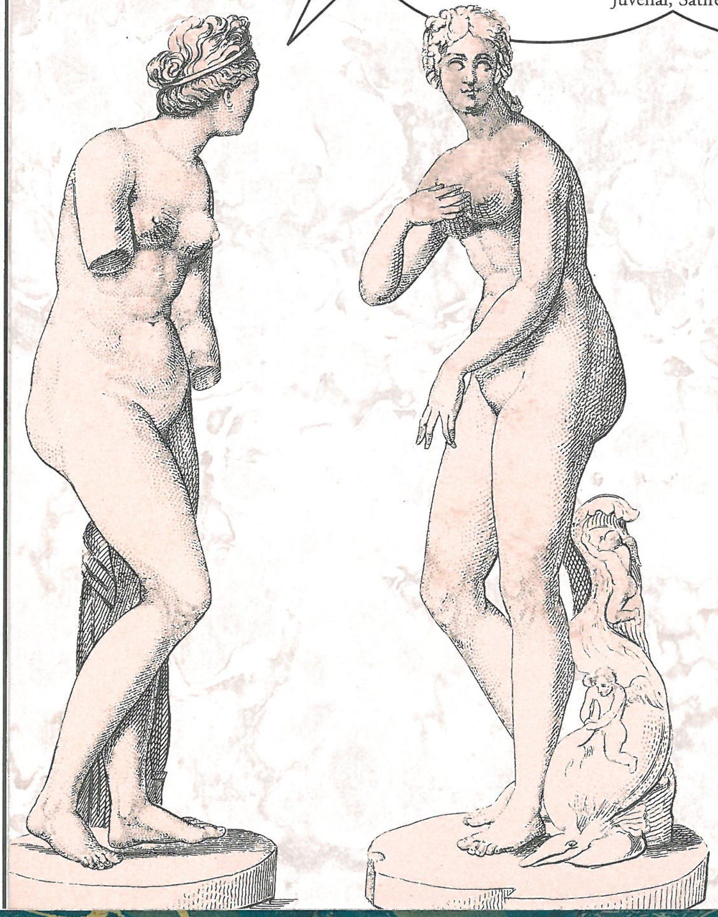
LIBIDINOSUS



PRAETEREA SANCTUM NIHIL EST
NEQUE AB INGUINE TUTUM,
NON MATRONA LARIS, NON FILIA VIRGO, NEQUE IPSE
SPONSUS LEVIS ADHUC, NON FILIUS ANTE PUDICUS;
HORUM SI NIHIL EST, AVIAM RESUPINAT AMICI.

Nothing is sacred, nothing is safe from his private parts;
not the lady of the house, nor the virgin daughter,
not even the cute son-in-law to-be,
and not the innocent son and heir;
if none of these is available,
he will fling his friend's grandmother on her back.

Juvenal, Satire 3



CONTRA MARITORUM
INEFFICACES DILIGIENTIAS
CONSTANTISSIMUS!

All the futile precautions of husbands come to nothing when set against the doggedness of his determination.

Apuleius, Metamorphoses IX

IAM VERO QUAE TANTA
UMQUAM IN ULLO
IUVENTUTIS INLECEBRA FUIT
QUANTA IN ILLO? QUI ALIOS
IPSE AMABAT TURPISSIME,
ALIORUM AMORI
FLAGITIOSISSIME SERVIEBAT.

Now who ever managed to lure in as much young flesh as he did, fulfilling his own filthy longings with some of them, and pandering to the degenerate desires of others?

Cicero, In Catilinam II

NIMIAST MISERIA NIMIS PULCHRUM
ESSE HOMINEM.

How unbearably tiresome it is to be too handsome!

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

POPULI ODIUM QUIDNI NOVERIM, MAGNIDICUM,
CINCINNATUM MOECHUM UNGUENTATUM.

How could I possibly have avoided making the acquaintance of this public nuisance, this big-mouthed, curly-headed, perfume-soused womaniser?

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus

AEGRAE SOLAQUE LIBIDINE
FORTES DELICIAE...

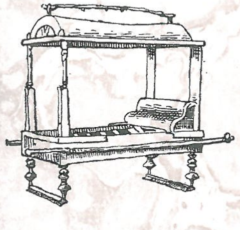
A debilitated dandy in fine fettle only for fornication...

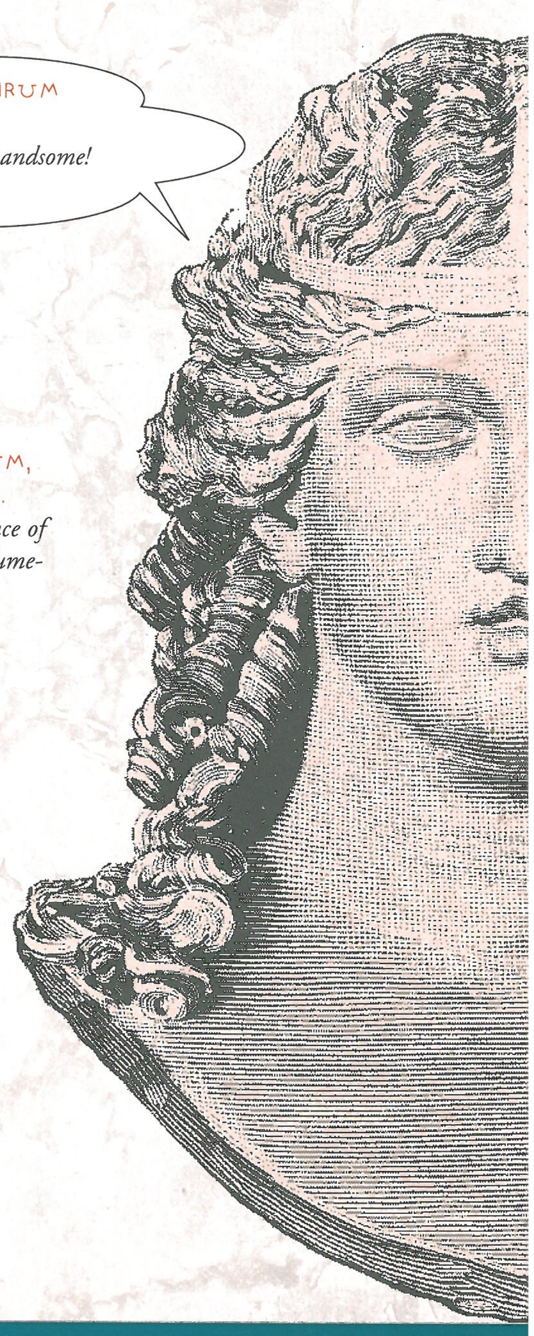
Juvenal, Satire 4

...ARDENS IN CUPIDITATIBUS

...Writhing in the flames of his lust.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae







VOCES FALLACIS AMICAE

Perfidious pillow-talk.

Ovid
Amores II.9

O MISERAE MULIERIS
FECUNDITATEM CALAMITOSAM

Such a shabby specimen of femininity, overflowing with the spawn of the devil!

Cicero, Philippicae II

...MULIER NIGRIS DIGNISSIMA BARRIS.

...The kind of woman who could only be satisfied by a big black elephant.

Horace, Epode 12

PUELLA DEFUTUTA...

A thoroughly tried and tested nymphomaniac...

Catullus, poem 41

.PSALLERE ET SALTARE
ELEGANTIUS, QUAM NECESSE EST PROBAE.

...Plucking the lyre and gyrating her hips with a lot more dexterity than is needed by a decent woman.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae

PRIMA HOMINIS FACIES ET PULCHRO PECTORE VIRGO
PUBE TENUS, POSTREMA IMMANI CORPORE PISTRIX,
DELPHINUM CAUDAS UTERO COMMISSA LUPORUM.

She has a human face and the body of a lovely young girl, until below the waist; but under ***that*** *she's a sea-serpent of monstrous proportions, with a dolphin's tail joined to a wolfish womb.*

Virgil, Aeneid III

SED EI CARIORA SEMPER OMNIA QUAM DECUS ATQUE PUDICITIA FUIT;
PECUNIAE AN FAMAE MINUS PARCERET, HAUD FACILE DISCERNERES.

Modesty and decency were the last things on her shopping list; and it would be difficult to work out whether she economised more stringently on her money or her reputation.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae



SUO PUDORE POSTPOSITO TORIQUE GENIALIS CALCATO FOEDERE LAREM MARITI
LUPANARI MACULASSET INFAMIA, IAMQUE PERDITA NUPTAE DIGNITATE
PROSTITUTAE SIBI NOMEN ASCIVERIT.

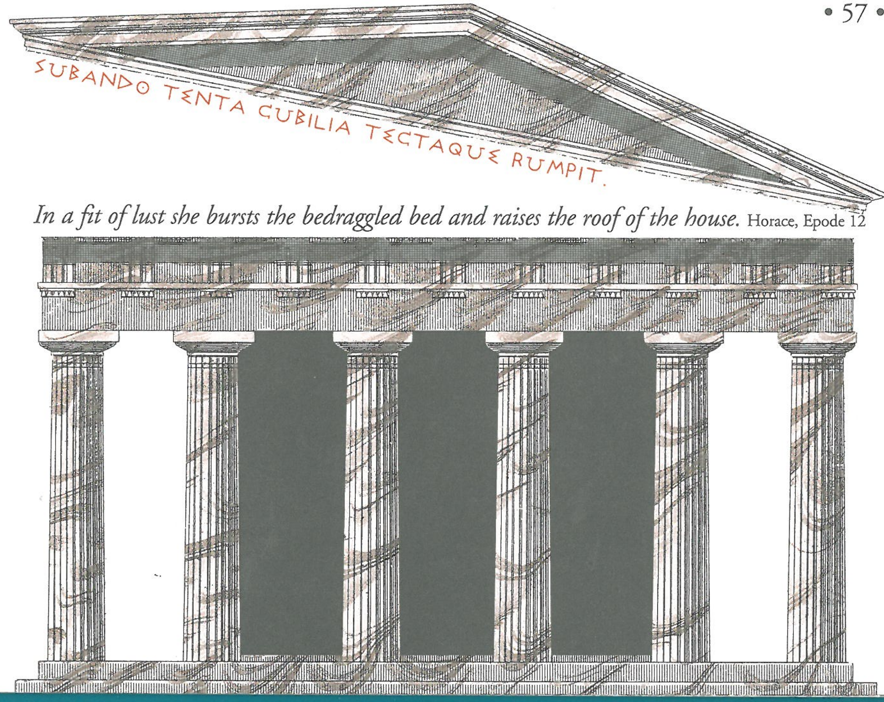
She tossed her chastity out the window, trampled underfoot the bonds of holy matrimony, stained her husband's home with the reputation of a whorehouse, and having spurned the dignity of a married woman, took on the name of Prostitute.

Apuleius, Metamorphoses IX

QUAE NUBIT TOTIENS, NON NUBIT: ADULTERA LEGE EST.

A woman who gets married ***that*** *often doesn't get married: She just does the paperwork for her adultery.*

Martial, Epigrams VI.7

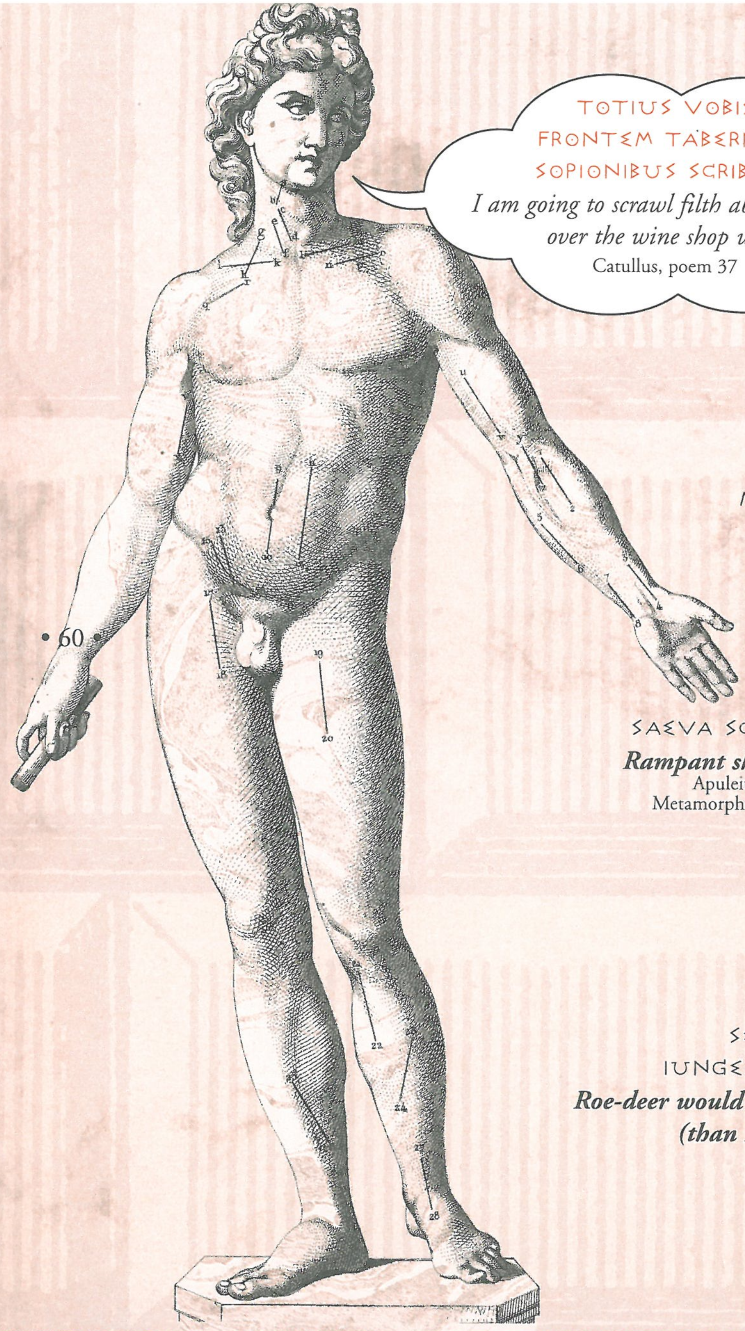


In a fit of lust she bursts the bedraggled bed and raises the roof of the house. Horace, Epode 12

A CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL



MULTITUDO DISSIDENTIUM



TOTIUS VOBIS
FRONTEM TABERNAE
SOPIONIBUS SCRIBAM.

I am going to scrawl filth about you all over the wine shop wall.

Catullus, poem 37

MERETRIX

Harlot!

Ovid
Amores I.10

SAEVA SCAEVA

Rampant she-devil!

Apuleius
Metamorphoses IX

SED PRIUS APULIS
IUNGENTUR CAPREAE LUPIS.

Roe-deer would sooner mate with Apulian wolves (than I would sleep with you).

Horace
Odes I.33

UNUS HIBERINAE VIR SUFFICIT? OCIUS ILLUD
EXTORQUEBIS, UT HAEC OCULO CONTENTA SIT UNO.

Could one man be enough for Hiberina?
She'd sooner have you poke out one of her eyes,
and be quite content with the remaining one.

Juvenal
Satire 6

HANC IN PISCINA DICOR
FUTUISSE MARINA.
NESCIO; PISCINAM ME
FUTUISSE PUTO.

Apparently we made love in
the salt-water fish-pond.
I'm not so sure.
It felt like I was making love
with the fish-pond.

Martial
Epigrams XI.21

LESBIA SE IURAT GRATIS NUMQUAM ESSE
FUTUTAM.
VERUM EST. CUM FUTUI VULT,
NUMERARE SOLET.

Lesbia swears she only does it for money,
and it's true. When she wants it,
she usually pays cash.

Martial
Epigrams XI.62

DELICIAS ILLEPIDAE

Unsavoury sweetheart.

Catullus
poem 6

HIC ERIT IN LECTO FORTISSIMUS.

He is Hercules in the sack.

Juvenal
Satire 6

MERETRIX AUGUSTA

An Empress amongst harlots.

Juvenal
Satire 6

PRODITORES
Traitors!
Cicero, In Pisonem



NUTRICULA SEDITIOSORUM OMNIUM
Wet-nurse of all traitors!
Cicero, In Vatinium



ASTUTAM VAPIDO SERVAS IN PECTORE VOLPEM.
You nurse a crafty fox in that puny breast of yours.
Persius, Satire V



NUNC MENTIS VITIO LAESA FIGURA TUA EST.
Your outward charms are mutilated by your evil mind.
Ovid, Amores I.10



SIMULATOR AC DISSIMULATOR
Dealer and double-dealer!
Sallust, Bellum Catilinae



TESTAMENTORUM SUBIECTOR
Forger of last wills and testaments!
Cicero, In Catilinam II



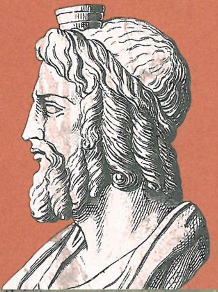
BELUA MULTORUM ES CAPITUM.
You are a many-headed monster.
Horace, Epistles I



CIRCUMSCRIPTOR
Bamboozler!
Cicero, In Catilinam II



MALA LINGUA
Forked tongue!
Ovid, Amores II.2



TREACHEROUS

IN MELLE SUNT LINGUAE SITAE VOSTRAE, ATQUE ORATIONES LACTEQUE: CORDA FELLE SUNT SITA ATQUE ACERBO ACETO.
Your words and phrases overflow with milk and honey; your heart is steeped in vinegar and bitter gall.
Plautus
Truculentus

DOMI HABET ANIMUM FALSILOQUOM, FALSIFICUM, FALSIIURIUM, DOMI DOLOS, DOMI DELENIFICA FACTA, DOMI FALLACIAS.
Her home is piled high with an endless supply of perfidious words, two-faced tricks and false-hearted oaths. Piled high with ploys, piled high with provocative seduction, piled high with lies.
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus



NIMIS FACETE NIMISQUE FACUNDE MALAST.
She's as elegantly and eloquently evil as they come!
Plautus, Miles Gloriosus



CUSTOS DOMINUSQUE VIPERARUM
The keeper and master of the reptile-house.
Martial, Epigrams I.41





PERFIDUS



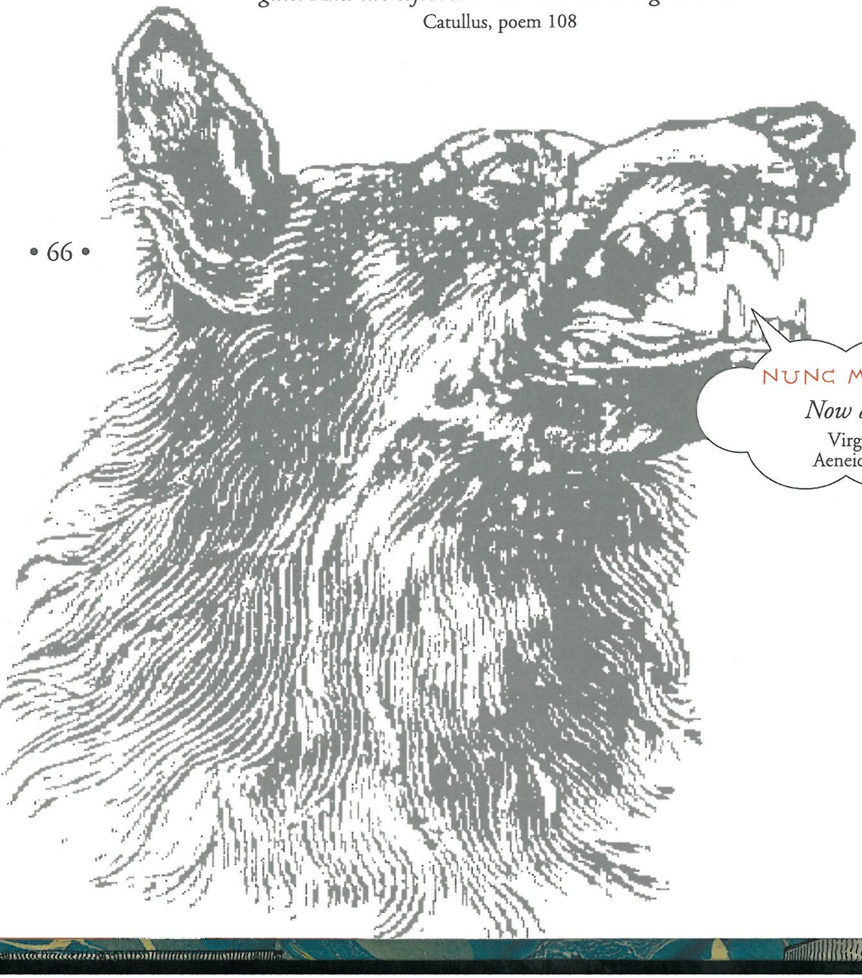
NOCTURNE PERCUSSOR
Nocturnal assassin!
Petronius, Satyricon
MALUS ULTOR
Evil nemesis!
Ovid, Amores I.7
FEROX RAPTOR
Predator!
Ovid, Ibis
GLADIATOR SCELERATISSIME
Most fiendish fighter!
Cicero, Pro Sestio
CRUDELIS
Sadist!
Virgil, Aeneid IV
VIOLENTE
Man of blood!
Ovid, Ibis
DEMISISTI GLADIUM IN IUGULUM
You've buried your sword in my throat.
Plautus, Mercator
MURDEROUS SANGUINEUS
O FURIA
You fiend!
Cicero, In Pisonem
DEMENS
Psycho!
Ovid, Amores I.7
PARRICIDA
Father-stabber!
Cicero In Catilinam II
MONTIS TU QUIDEM MALI IN ME ARDENTIS IAM DUDUM IACIS. PERGE, EXCRUCIA, CARNUFEX, QUANDOQUIDEM OCCEPISTI SEMEL.
All along you've been splattering me with the seething lava of your viciousness. Come on, you torturer, you murderer, now you're ready to blow, let's see what you can ***really*** *do!*
Plautus, Mercator
SAEVE PUER
Brutish boy!
Ovid, Amores I.1
ES BARBARUS.
You are a barbarian.
Plautus, Mnesilochus
FERREA
Iron Maiden!
Ovid, Amores I.14
HOMO IMPORTUNISSIME
Big bully!
Cicero In Verrem II
SICARIE
Assassin!
Cicero In Catilinam II
O CARNIFEX
Butcher!
Cicero, In Pisonem
AEQUALEM ET SODALEM, LIBERUM CIVEM, ENICAS.
It's me, your mucker, your mate, your own kind — it's me you're killing!
Plautus, Mercator

USEFUL THREATS

SI, COMINI, POPULI ARBITRIO TUA CANA SENECTUS
SPURCATA IMPURIS MORIBUS INTEREAT,
NON EQUIDEM DUBITO QUIN PRIMUM INIMICA BONORUM
LINGUA EXECTA AVIDO SIT DATA VULTURIO,
EFFOSSOS OCULOS VORET ATRO GUTTURE CORVUS,
INTESTINA CANES, CETERA MEMBRA LUPI.

If, Cominius, your decrepit old age, polluted by your wicked ways, should be cut short by the will of the people, I have no doubt that it will be your tongue, the enemy of all good men, which will be cut out first, and thrown to the greedy vulture; the raven will suck your gouged-out eyes down its dark black throat, the dogs will guzzle your guts. And the leftovers? The wolves will get them!

Catullus, poem 108



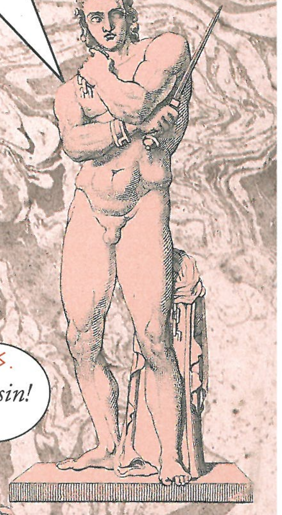
NUNC MORERE
Now die!
Virgil
Aeneid II

MINAE UTILES

PRAEDICTUM TIBI NE
NEGARE POSSIS:
SI FUR VENERIS, INPUDICUS EXIS.
You can't say I didn't warn you.
If you come in here as a thief,
you'll leave thoroughly penalised
(as only I know how).
Priapea 59

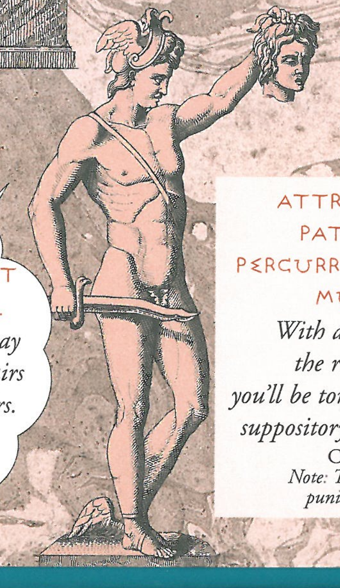
SI QUIS FORTE
MEAM CUPIET VIO[LARE]
PUELLAM,
ILLUM IN DESERTIS MONTIBUS
URAT AMOR.
Should anyone feel the urge to mess with my girl,
may Love incinerate him in the
barren mountains.
Grafitti at Pompeii





TIBI FLAGRANS AMOR ET LIBIDO,
QUAE SOLET MATRES FURIARE
EQUORUM,
SAEVIET CIRCA IECUR ULCEROSUM.
Carnality and concupiscence, out of control
and wild as mares on heat, shall carouse
about your fevered organs!
Horace , Odes I.25

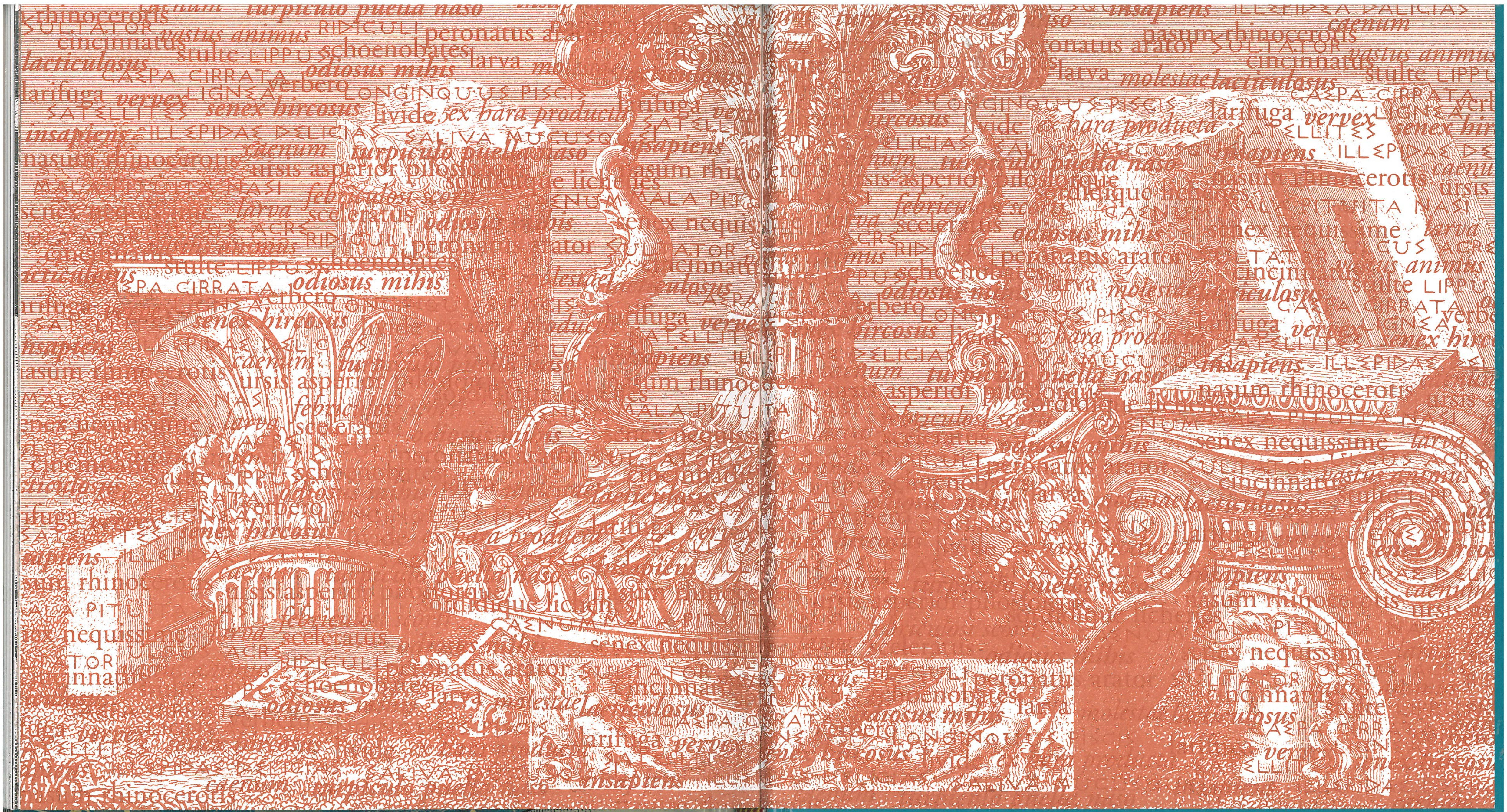
DABIS, IMPROBE, POENAS.
Cur, you will pay the wages of sin!
Virgil, Aeneid IV





PEDICABO
EGO VOS ET
IRRUMABO.
I'll have my way
with you upstairs
and downstairs.
Catullus,
poem 16

ATTRACTIS PEDIBUS
PATENTE PORTA
PERCURRENT RAPHANIQUE
MUGILESQUE!
With ankles strapped and
the rear-entry opened,
you'll be torpedoed by a fast-acting
suppository of mullet and radish.
Catullus, poem 15
Note: This was the traditional punishment for adulterers



rhinocerotis
SULTATOR
caenum
turpiculo puella naso
insapiens
ILLEPIDAS DELICIAS
cincinnatus
vastus animus
RIDICULI
peronatus arator
nasum rhinocerotis
lacticulosus
stulte LIPPU
schoenobates
larva
molestae
CAEPA CIRRATA
odiosus mihis
larifuga
vervex
LIGNEA
verbero
LONGINQUUS PISCIS
SATELLITES
senex hircosus
livide
sex hara producta
SALIVA MUCUSO
ursis asperior pilosorque
sordidique lichenes
MALA PITUITA NASI
febriculosi scorti
CAENUM
senex nequissime
sceleratus